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John Bull

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AND WHAT IT MEANS

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In 4 years British Electricity will build 38 new power stations, and will install new plant in 43 existing stations. 40% more power in 4 years is the target.

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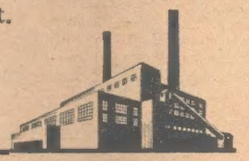

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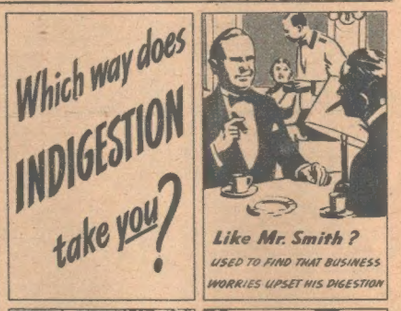
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Like Mr. Smith? USED TO FIND THAT BUSINESS WORRIES UPSET HIS DIGESTION
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EDITORIAL

TV and the man in the crowd

FOR THE FIRST TIME television is the big new feature at Radiolympia, and the price of £45 for a cheap set brings the new wonder financially within the reach of millions all over Britain.

They can afford it—but the B.B.C. cannot yet afford to give it to them. Therefore the question is being asked in some quarters: "Is the non-commercial B.B.C. the right concern to handle TV?"

This is a question which will certainly be argued before the Beveridge Committee when it is preparing its report on the renewal of the B.B.C.'s charter. It will have to be decided before Parliament finally approves a new charter.

Radiolympia crowds know vaguely that television now covers a wide area round London, and that it will soon be extended to the Midlands.

THE facts are that 145,000 TV licences have been issued to people in south-eastern England, the number rises every month, and Radiolympia is expected to start a boom in low-priced sets which will send the total up to around 200,000 by Christmas. Then will come the Midland extension, reaching a six-million population, which will again increase the number of TV sets in operation.

Enthusiasts for TV, both inside and outside the radio industry, are therefore urging that the comparatively slow growth of the television services should be speeded up at all costs.

Well, there are three possible ways of running television. One is to leave it to the B.B.C. to develop gradually and economically.

Another is to set up a TVC with its own charter, licence revenue, and probably a substantial State subsidy to get it going.

The third way—and this seems dangerously attractive to some people—would be to follow the American lead and turn television into a commercial sponsored service.

The second proposition would be the most expensive. It would greatly increase overhead costs and rule out any hope of intelligent impartial selection between those items which are best televized and those best left to sound.

The third would not only take a long time to turn into a going concern, but is also completely foreign to our national way of running such services.

Anyone who has listened to American radio "commercials" and has been sickened by the constant interruption of the programmes to boost the sponsors' goods would flinch from inflicting such things on the British public.

So the first choice is that the B.B.C., which has, after all, made an impressive beginning with TV, should carry on.

The B.B.C. has the trained men who have grown up with TV, and even more important, a spirit of impartial public service nurtured by a quarter of a century of experience.

It is, we believe, the only organization which can supply this nation with television of high and enduring quality, on the right level.

But to say "Let the B.B.C. do it" does not mean leaving it free of prodding and criticism. The B.B.C. must put its brains and energy into the job.

It must not remain content to blame the Government for the slow extension of television to fresh areas of the country. It must not starve the existing service and force it to continue operating from hand to mouth on a budget which seems to contract more often than it expands.

There is good reason for optimism about television's future. No great new public service, involving huge expenditure and complicated technical problems, was ever launched without difficulties and without meeting obstacles. But once the gap between TV licence revenue and TV expenditure is closed—and remember that this may take several years—the industry will be on a sound basis, ready for really rapid expansion.

COME back to the man in the Radiolympia crowd. He may be tempted to believe that all the best films, as well as star variety shows and big news events, will be laid on to his home in pictures as well as sound. They may be—but not yet, even in the favoured areas where TV is already within reach, or soon will be.

It is important that the Radiolympia customer should not be dazzled by the novelty of the new experience into forgetting that there will always be a place for sound radio. TV is an *addition* to radio, not a complete substitute for it; and there will be many jobs which can be done better, or as well, by sound alone.

So, in contemplating the wonders of TV, and looking ahead to its future, we should not forget the progress of radio itself.

Radiolympia, with its hundreds of new sets, British-built to give better listening and now made available in spite of purchase tax at very reasonable prices, is the answer to anybody who thinks radio is already dead. It is also the best argument against a mad burst of spending to provide television everywhere and for everyone at once.

JOHN BULL 189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1
OCTOBER 1, 1949 VOLUME 86 NUMBER 2257 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

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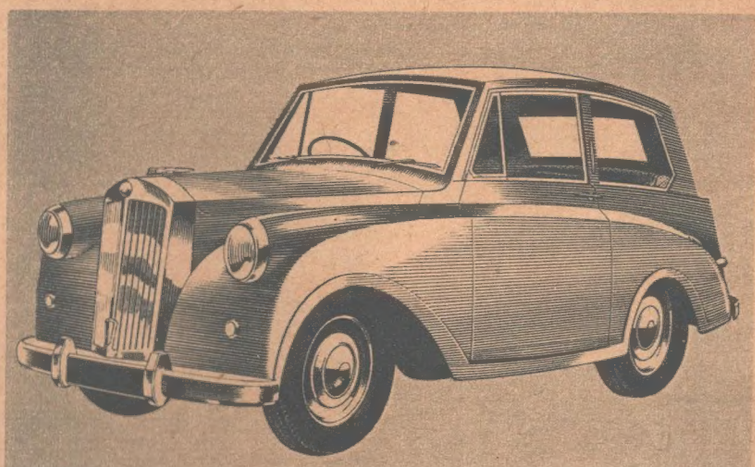

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A FULL-SIZE LUXURY BALL POINT PEN!

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Manufactured by Thomas De La Rue and Co. Ltd., London (under licence from the Miles-Martin Pen) Co.

Free Speech

HOME: "PLACE WITH A DOOR"

I GAVE A SCHOOL TEST to about 100 boys of varied intelligence aged between ten and fifteen. I called out different words and gave them one minute to write down what came into their minds as each word was called. Among the words were "mother," "father," "home."

These were typical answers:

Mother: "The female head of the family." "She looks after us." "She cooks for us."

Father: "He goes to work to pay for food for us." "He gives me pocket money."

Home: "It has a door." "Where I sleep."

Is modern education responsible for this rather cold-blooded attitude of the young towards parents and home?—EX-HEADMASTER, Swansea.

Life With In-laws

MARRIED COUPLES living with parents should have a higher claim on newly available council houses.

Take my own case. I have been married eight years. Since leaving the R.A.F. four years ago, I, my wife and little girl have lived with my wife's parents. True, it's a six-roomed house, and we all get on quite well—but the strain on a young couple of not having a place of their own is intense.

Just because we have a roof over our heads, we seem to have as little chance of getting a council house as when I first applied four years ago. Meanwhile we see newly marrieds jumping their places in the queue.—J. M., Northants.

Our Goods Overseas

ON MY RETURN to Britain, one of the first things I read was JOHN BULL'S editorial plea for more colour and brighter designs in British goods earmarked for overseas. How right you are!

Let me give an example of our shortcomings. In Egypt small shopkeepers are so used to the drabness of British goods that in the exceptional cases where a colourful British article does emerge, it is promptly advertised, "Made in America."—HORACE CASTELL, 42 Craven Hill Gardens, London, W.2.

. . . Couldn't the Board of Trade make a periodic inspection of goods being produced for export markets? Firms could then be graded, foreign buyers safeguarded—and export manufacturers kept on their toes. The idea could also be applied to goods for the home market. —J. TIMMINS, 25 Second Ave., Chellaston, Derby.

Very Personal Diary

"IF IT WERE POSSIBLE to turn the mind upside down and empty it regularly like the bag of a vacuum cleaner . . ." says the Rev. W. E. Purcell, writing about worry (JOHN BULL, August 27). It is possible. I do it regularly. So did Samuel Pepys, the candid diarist, William ("Jerusalem") Blake, the crazy painter-poet, and others.

A really large diary kept under lock and key is all that is required. Pepys used a secret shorthand and let off steam about his wife. Blake scribbled insulting rhymes about people he hated. I type my worries, wishes and resentments, five or six pages at a time. It's a wonderful relief to pent-up emotion. But I can't bring myself to burn the stuff, and if anyone ever reads it . . . !—JOHN GREGSON, Totteridge, Herts.

. . . The Rev. W. E. Purcell is right when he says people today rarely experience any of "the blessedness of inner peace and quiet." One reason is the modern misuse of the Sabbath. It is no longer a day of rest and re-dedication. If we had a real "break" on Sundays, we would have less need of the psychiatrist's services.—J. MECHULUM, 11 Buchanan Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

Standing Room Only

SEEING A QUEUE for the cheaper seats outside a cinema, I bought a circle ticket and was shown in. What did I find? A line of some thirty people standing at the back waiting for seats. It was three-quarters of an hour before I was shown to mine.

If there are no seats immediately available inside a cinema, the management should in fairness inform people before they buy their tickets.—D. H. SHAW, 3 Alexandra Road, Lindley, Huddersfield.

Self-made Shirt

DISGUSTED BY THE HIGH PRICE of shirts, I have just made one myself. I cut the pattern from an old torn shirt and, using a sewing machine, finished it in three evenings. The cost was ten shillings and threepence and in my wife's opinion it is a lot better than shirts offered in shops at more than double the price. If more people did this, the prices would have to come down.—ALFRED D. KEMP, 33 Stainash Crescent, Staines, Middlesex.

Russia's Labour Camps

EDWARD CRANKSHAW tells the bitter truth in his article on Russian labour camps (John Bull, August 27). My Polish husband was arrested and sent to one of these horrible camps during the war. He was sentenced to eight years for absolutely nothing at all. He was released in 1941 when Russia became our ally.—MRS. KIOZYRO, 25 Garnett Street, Darwen, Lancashire.

. . . I have just returned from a visit to Hungary—presumably one of the "absorbed territories" Crankshaw mentions. The love and respect of the Hungarian people for their own Government and for the Soviet Union is so obvious that one can only treat Crankshaw's implications with contempt.—W. A. CLARK, Graig Vale Bungalow, Cwmcarn, near Cross Keys, Mon.

Unsporting Spectators

DURING SIXTEEN YEARS in America I became a baseball fan and heard all imaginable epithets hurled at players. While Roland Wild in his recent article rightly said that the American spectator is more demonstrative than his English counterpart, I have seen as many unsportsmanlike demonstrations at our own football matches as at any ball game.—D. B., Yorkshire.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address is in the letter.

Quick tempting dishes

FOR THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

It is easy to serve something right out of the ordinary at short notice when you have a can of Barracouta — the savoury filleted fish from Australia, now in the shops. It's slightly smoked, which gives it just that appetising flavour to add a "special" touch to a meal.

At 1/- the half-pound can, you'll find Barracouta a wonderful help with family catering too; and it helps save dollars, for Barracouta comes from the sterling area. Keep a few cans always handy and you'll never be at a loss for a good meal or snack. The following recipes have been kitchen tested and serve four.

Barracouta Supper Dish

1 can barracouta, 1 oz. fat, 1 oz. flour, fish liquor made up to ½ pint with milk, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley.

Flake the fish, removing any skin and bone. Melt the fat, stir in the flour and add the fish liquor and milk. Bring to the boil stirring all the time and boil gently for 5 minutes. Remove from heat and season very well. Stir in the lemon juice and add the fish; mix well. Serve decorated with parsley. (1) in scallop shells with a piped or forked border of mashed potato. (2) In a large dish, with potato border. (3) On toast, without potato.

Curried Barracouta

1 can barracouta, 1 oz. dripping, 8 oz. onion, sliced, 4 oz. apple, chopped, 4 oz. tomato, skinned and sliced, 1½ level tablespoons curry powder, 1 level tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon chutney, 1 level teaspoon sugar, 2 level teaspoons jam, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ pint fish liquor and water.

Flake the fish, removing any skin and bone. Fry the onion, apple and tomato in the dripping until tender. Mix the curry powder, flour, chutney, sugar, jam, salt and lemon juice together and add them to the cooked ingredients. Cook gently about 3 minutes, stirring during cooking. Add the barracouta, fish liquor and water and simmer gently for 5 minutes. Serve with a border of boiled rice or mashed potato.

Tomato and Barracouta Savoury

1 can barracouta, 8 oz. onion, sliced, 1 oz. dripping or cooking fat, 1 lb. tomato, skinned and sliced, 1 level teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper.

Flake the fish, removing any skin and bone. Fry the onion in the fat until golden brown, add the tomatoes and cook gently until tender. Add the barracouta, sugar and seasoning and cook gently until thoroughly hot. Serve with potatoes and green vegetable, or as a high tea with brown bread and butter and watercress.

(S.229) ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

HERE'S HEALTH
—from a delicious breakfast food
AND VIGOUR
to keep you going
ALL DAY
and every day—
THE NATURAL WAY

HERE'S HOW: The soft foods eaten nowadays are almost entirely absorbed, and give bowel muscles no "bulk" to grip. You feel tired, lack "go." All-Bran provides missing bulk and gently, naturally, keeps the system regular. Result: freedom from constipation in a week or two!

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What a change (*right*), when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic! Hair has a natural, healthy gloss. Dandruff disappears. Just massage scalp gently with a few drops of this famous tonic dressing. Hair looks well-dressed all day.

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★ *they're crease-resisting*

★ *they're money savers*

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They're crease-resisting. The crease-resisting finish used in the making of the cloth delays that ageing creased look round the knot of the tie. You will see the trade mark TEBILIZED on the Tootal Tie label. It stands for fabrics with tested crease-resistance.

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Pelmanism eliminates the feelings of Frustration and Inferiority (and many other weaknesses as well) and develops and strengthens your Will-Power, your Determination and your powers of Initiative and Concentration.

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CVS 218

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... cause and remedy

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I Seem to be

ALL ACHES AND PAINS!

—I Must Take a Beecham's Powder

Take a Beecham's Powder and you'll soon be saying, **"AH! THAT'S BETTER!"** Because of their fine *powder* form, Beecham's Powders are rapidly assimilated and get to work without delay—*to bring you speedy, safe relief!* Keep some always handy.

FOR HEADACHES NEURALGIA NERVE PAINS RHEUMATIC PAINS COLDS and CHILLS

Rely On

Prices in Gt. Britain 2 Powders for 5½d. Cartons of 8—1/6d. Also in Tablet Form 1/6 per bottle

BEECHAM'S POWDERS For QUICK RELIEF!

Good Records need good needles

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J. STEAD & Co. Ltd., SHEFFIELD

Red Star shows over Japan

by HESSELL TILTMAN

Will Japan follow China into the Red camp? Posing as champions of the people, the Communists accept "advice" from Moscow and spread street jokes about MacArthur's men

TOKYO

"THE FIRST PHASE of the Japanese revolution," a Communist said here recently, "has begun." And both Premier Shigeru Yoshida—once Ambassador to the Court of St. James's—and Sanzo Nosaka, "brain" of the Japanese Communist Party, agree that the Red Star is in the ascendant over the Land of the Rising Sun.

Even General MacArthur, while refusing to be stampeded into banning the Japanese Communists, has publicly blasted their Russian masters for inciting "disorder and violence in an otherwise orderly Japanese society."

There is some truth in this shouting. In last January's election, the Communists increased their representation in the Lower House from four to thirty-five seats out of a total of 466. A recent opinion poll taken in Japan indicated that were another election held now, the Communists would win another fifteen seats, making a total of fifty.

Recently several of the country's most prominent trade union leaders have joined the Communist Party. Probably three in every four politically-minded university students are today pro-Communist, as are many actors, writers and intellectuals.

What Price Democratic Preaching?

What makes this advance of the extreme Left notable is not the present size of the party, but the fact that the Red upsurge has occurred in feudalistic, emperor-worshipping Japan, a nation which long nursed an almost pathological dislike for Russia and one in which the Americans have for four years been preaching the blessings of democracy.

Why is it that once-hated and feared Communists in a single year increased their share of the national vote from one to three millions and are now boasting that the day is coming when they will control Japan?

The reasons are sixfold: efficient party leadership, fanatical devotion to their creed, diligent work by party members in every village in Japan, the present hard times, Rightist reaction, and—above all—Occupation policies towards Japanese workers.

The Japanese Communist Party is, in the British sense, the only political party in the country. The others consist of groupings commanded by political "bosses" who vote, or sell their votes, according to personal interests. The Communists, in Japan as

Emperor Hirohito and Empress Nagako attend rally marking two years' "democracy." Its performance has not lived up to its promise

Jap police break up Communist meeting. The party has "action squads"

elsewhere, maintain rigid discipline and carry out orders.

All but one of the top leaders of the party spent years in prison under Japan's militarists and, when all political prisoners were freed in 1945 by order of General MacArthur, emerged from their cells believing in Communism with a religious fervour.

The sole exception is Sanzo Nosaka, the suave, quiet-spoken, impeccably dressed top strategist of the party, who spent sixteen years in exile, including eight years in Moscow, where he was a member of the Comintern and learned well the business of how Red revolutions are won.

Nosaka, billed during last January's election as "the lovable Communist," publicly plays second fiddle to Kyuichi Tokuda, secretary-general of the party and Japan's No. 1 rabble-rouser. The pose deceives no one.

Converting The Troops

Nosaka possesses one of the shrewdest political minds in Asia. During the recent war he organized at Yenan, "capital" of Communist China, a school for converting Japanese soldiers to Communism. He knows all the top Chinese Communists intimately, a fact that has caused some Japanese industrialists to seek his aid in making trade contacts with Red China.

Under Tokuda the 150,000 card-carrying members of the Communist rank and file work and agitate with the sort of nonstop energy which recently caused Nosaka to boast to me: "We expand because we don't just make speeches three weeks before an election. For us, every day is election day."

The most opportunistic people on earth, the Japanese will vote for whatever party promises them most. The Communists are promising everything. But millions of Japanese were stunned when ex-Japanese Army men, repatriated from Siberia a few months ago, ignored weeping mothers, wives and children who had gathered to meet them and marched straight to the Japanese Communist headquarters to enrol.

A big factor favourable to the Communists was the decimation, in the last General Election, of the Japanese Socialist Party, and the continued paralysis afflicting the democratic Left due to disunity. This has brought nearer the fight between the two political extremes, and enabled the Communists to pose as the only alternative in sight to the unpopular Yoshida crowd now in power.

Shoulder Patch

A Communist-sponsored street joke around Tokyo has it that the "GHQ" shoulder patch on the uniforms at General MacArthur's headquarters stands for "Go Home Quick." Thus they capitalize deftly on the growing unpopularity of the Occupation.

The Communists have not neglected domestic issues. The cost of living has risen more than 110 times since prewar and wages only about fifty times. And the value of the life of a railway worker accidentally killed while on duty was recently assessed by the railway company at £4 10s. Thus the Reds demand higher wages and more security for the little man.

Meanwhile, the Rightists in Premier Yoshida's cabinet have been trying, not unsuccessfully, to dilute the new rights guaranteed to Japanese workers, and manoeuvring to cripple the new Japanese trade union movement before the Occupation ends.

Both reactionaries and Communists, each for their own purposes, would like to involve American troops in worker-incidents. The Communists in order to pose as the only friends of organized trade unionism in Japan; the Yoshida Government as a justification for cracking down not only on the Communists but on Liberals and Socialists also.

In Japan, as elsewhere, Russia's precise rôle in the battle of extremes now shaping up is not advertised. But it is known that pro-Communist unions have the benefit of expert Russian "advice" in their attempts to stir up unrest, and that a large slice of the mysteriously ample funds of the Japanese Communists since the surrender has come from the extensive smuggling traffic between Communist-controlled Northern Korea and Japan.

There are good grounds for believing that Russian agents are filtering illegally into Hokkaido, Japan's sparsely-settled northernmost island, from nearby Soviet-owned Sakhalin and the Soviet-occupied Southern Kuriles, the nearest of which islands is only a few miles off Hokkaido's coast.

The developing Communist "offensive" has already touched off sporadic acts of violence.

In Tokyo, when the city council was debating an ordinance requiring that permits for political demonstrations in Japan's capital be secured seventy-two hours in advance instead of forty-eight hours, a crowd of 1,300 demonstrators stormed the council building and broke up the session in a wild riot that resulted in one death.

Runaway Train

In a Tokyo suburb, at the height of the tension created by the sacking—as part of the Government retrenchment programme—of 95,000 redundant railway workers, an unoccupied electric train was set in motion by disgruntled railmen and crashed into a station, killing six people and wounding twelve.

Such incidents may not always be inspired by Communists, but it is known that the party has created "action squads" for use in stirring up trouble.

But it would be misleading to give all credit for the growth of Communism in Japan to wideawake party leaders. The single factor most responsible for the advance was not the infallibility of the Reds but the fallibility of General MacArthur.

By purging the militarists and ultra-nationalists of the Right, the Supreme Commander created a vacuum in Japan's national life. But he was too afraid of democracy to permit the moderate Left to fill it. In 1946, the newly-liberated, fast-growing Japanese trade union movement was pro-MacArthur to a man.

MacArthur's Mistake

In February, 1947, however, he made his biggest mistake. He banned a Japanese strike—and banned it without assuming responsibility for enforcing fair mediation of the workers' grievances.

For two and a half years now, the Supreme Commander has continued to ban strikes by Government workers—one-third of organized labour in Japan—and even labour demonstrations as being "against the national interest." The Yoshida cabinet has displayed an increasingly anti-labour bias.

Nor is Premier Yoshida without doughty Japanese allies in the battle against the Reds. Behind the Japanese Government are ranged the bitterly anti-Communist and ultra-nationalistic secret societies, officially banned but still actively in being.

There is at present no real Red menace in Japan. But there could be, eventually, if the Rightists succeed in stampeding the Occupation authorities into policies of repression.

It is equally true that Communism would secure fewer votes if the workers of Japan's "slave labour" economy enjoyed one quarter of the rights, the security and the privileges that are the heritage of every British citizen.

Communism is gaining strength in Japan today because the Communists have been allowed to monopolize the rôle of champions of a "fair deal" for the Japanese masses. They have also been allowed to appear to be defenders of the very rights conferred on Japan's workers by the MacArthur reforms in the first flush of Occupation idealism.

MY LIFE by WILFRED PICKLES

WILFRED PICKLES, radio's outstanding personality, has written his autobiography. It will be serialized exclusively in JOHN BULL, starting next week.

It is the life story of a remarkable man. It has all the qualities that have won a devoted audience of many millions for Pickles and his *Have A Go!* programmes. It is amusing, sincere—and, at times, devastatingly frank.

Pickles tells of his childhood and family in Yorkshire, of his teenage job helping in a shop, of his early adventures as an amateur actor, of his first B.B.C. test, his début as a wartime news announcer. And he tells the full inside story of *Have A Go!*

Everybody will want to see this autobiography.

Tell your newsagent *now* to reserve your copy so that you will be able to start reading the life story of Wilfred Pickles . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

WHEN YOU HAVE A HEADACHE

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

The doctor has two hundred possible reasons why you've got it—and most of the answers

HEADACHE IS A VERY democratic discomfort. Few people go through life without suffering from it, and there are few households in which the bathroom cupboard does not contain a half-empty bottle of aspirin.

Many of the people waiting in over-filled doctors' surgeries are there because of headaches. In half these cases diagnosis is easy and treatment follows logically and quickly and the headache disappears. The other half may provide some of the most baffling medical problems.

The doctor's approach to a really difficult headache is often by the Sherlock Holmes method. Some of the larger textbooks list more than two hundred possible causes. All the doctor's questions are asked and tests and examinations are undertaken with these underlying causes in mind.

Modern medical treatment can cure or at least relieve most kinds of headache. The pain is a symptom of some underlying condition. That condition may be anything from a party the night before to the worst kind of brain tumour.

Danger Signal

It may be due to eyestrain, overwork, worry, a liver upset, concussion three years ago, or infantile paralysis just starting. Scarlet fever often begins with a headache and so does epidemic typhus, and the same applies to influenza and the common cold.

Overwork is one of the commonest causes of headache. The remedy is rest. Fewer late nights, quiet weekends, and not so much work is the right advice—and like most good advice it is rarely heeded.

Eyestrain is another common cause of headache. Judging by the demand for spectacles under the National Health Scheme, people are aware of this and are taking steps to prevent eyestrain and the headaches it causes.

Headaches are often linked with indigestion and will disappear if the hurried bun-snatcher can be persuaded to take a well-balanced diet slowly with more milk and fresh fruit, less tea and starchy foods, fewer cigarettes, and a pause after meals for reflection and digestion.

A disordered liver is a potent cause of headaches. And nothing disorders a liver so quickly as too much alcohol the night before. Any kind of liverish upset with headache, poor appetite, constipation, and other familar symptoms is best treated by a saline aperient in the morning.

A doctor is not just chatting to pass the time away when he asks a headache patient: "How is your wife getting on with your mother and father, and are you anywhere near getting a home of your own?" All the present-day difficulties and frictions of the mere business of living produce worries and anxieties which may be expressed in the form of a real headache.

Newly Wed's Special

Headaches in the recently married, for instance, usually reflect the housing shortage, difficulties about adjustment to married life, and the fact that two can never live as cheaply as one.

In older men, headaches before the war often stemmed from unemployment or the fear of unemployment. Nowadays the underlying cause is more often a bad foreman, unsatisfactory working conditions, or a production line so intensely streamlined that there is neither joy nor interest in a repetitive task.

The sinus infections which may follow a cold or some infectious disease often cause pain in the head sharply localized, perhaps, just above one eyebrow. Here the diagnosis is simple but treatment is often prolonged and difficult. Relief is usually possible, but a cure can rarely be guaranteed.

There is, however, one kind of headache that does not respond to such homely remedies. It is worse on waking and gradually passes off; or headache that recurs more and more often in the kind of person who is not usually subject to headaches. Headache of this type, when the whole head feels fuzzy and throbbing, is often —though not always—a symptom of raised blood pressure.

The Nagging Type

Today a high blood pressure diagnosed early and treated promptly can soon be brought under control. Even in the later stages relief may follow certain specialized operations on the sympathetic nerves which control the arteries. But early treatment is the key to success and this kind of nagging, increasing headache calls not for aspirin but for a full medical overhaul.

A rather similar generalized headache, with the difference that it crops up not on waking but towards the end of the day, may be a late effect of any kind of concussion or head injury. After any kind of road accident in which a patient was knocked out, bed with no pillows is a good rule. Patients chafe and fret because they feel well enough to be up and about. Doctors keep them in bed because it is known that severe headaches are more likely to follow—perhaps months or even years later—in concussed patients who get out of bed too soon.

Three weeks in bed after an unspectacular road accident may seem a long time. But it is a small price to pay for freedom in the future from a very disabling kind of headache which might call for potent and tricky drugs.

A special kind of headache which is fortunately uncommon is that due to migraine. Migraine is often inherited, runs in families, and affects particularly men and women who are energetic, intelligent, and more than usually sensitive and ambitious.

In the classic type of migraine the victim has an "aura"—spots or flashes of light before the eyes. Then a fierce headache begins on one or other side of the head. There is often nausea and sometimes vomiting.

There is still no complete cure for migraine but usually the symptoms can be banished by a combination of caffeine and ergotamine or by one of the new group of so-called "anti-histamine" drugs. In some cases an operation is necessary.

In one American clinic an elaborate machine was set up recently solely for the investigation of headaches. A vertical axis turned by a 180-horse-power motor swings at any required rate a twenty-foot beam at the end of which is a comfortably disposed patient either lying or sitting.

This elaborate whirligig, controlled by a photo-electric cell mechanism, will completely eliminate headaches related to hunger, head injuries or emotional tension. Relief is due to a fall in the blood pressure inside the arteries supplying the brain and skull.

But there are plenty of simple remedies that are always worth trying. Resting in a darkened room with a cold-water compress on the forehead often helps.

Won't Go Overnight

It is as well to remember that most chronic headaches took a long time to develop and are not likely to disappear overnight. And if aspirin or some simple mixture fixes the headaches, well and good. But it is dangerous to go on taking any more potent drugs unless medically prescribed.

Television has brought along a headache of its own. It can be prevented quite simply by sticking to instructions which should be well known.

Sit about six to eight feet away from the television screen. Have a comfortable chair with the screen at eye-level or below, rather than higher up. Glance round the room from time to time to relieve the strain on your eyes by a change of focus. And never teleview in total darkness. Have some subdued lighting either overhead or behind the chairs.

Beginning of scarlet fever? Or infantile paralysis? Or just eyestrain?

The Diplomat's

THE MEMORY CAME BACK to him, as he had known that it would, as soon as they changed trains at the junction. There was the iron bridge across which her feet had clattered at night, and, with its gable peeking from a huddle of hill, the house where she had lived with her father.

But he concentrated on the immediate business of extracting Dorothy and her hat boxes and her travelling bags out of one train and installing them in another.

"That was where I used to cycle every night," he told his wife once she was in the local train, with her pigskin piled high on both racks and her pleated silk frock spread out like a fan on either side of her. But he didn't tell her that it was from Stella that he had cycled, with love in his heart beneath the stars. He didn't tell her that he had bought the bicycle in order that he needn't catch the last train any more and so could linger longer with Stella in the fields.

"Really?" Dorothy fluttered her spiky eyelashes briefly at the dusty road. Determinedly she began to daub new crimson curves on her lips, peering at the reflection of her face in a little moon of mirror. Of course, she couldn't see the ghosts that he could see or hear the tearing sound made so long ago by his tyres.

The train slid away from the platform and soon was rumbling rapidly along its ritual rail. Looking out of the window—no longer a lovelorn boy of eighteen, but a statesman returning to be honoured by his university—he was soothed by the familiarity of the old fields, flung out in browns and greens and yellows. The trees grew on in the same patterns, kept still by God in a world in which so many other trees had been sundered. The sea flew up, meeting the sky like another blue sail. Soon the church spires came into sight.

The same picture still hung in the same frame. He wanted to tell Dorothy of his emotion, but as usual he couldn't. Her simulation of interest would freeze him. Even about his political and diplomatic successes she had been tepid, accepting them as an addition to her wardrobe rather than as a token of his worth.

PERHAPS that was natural. She was fifteen years younger than he was. He had been attracted by her money more than her looks, although these had allured with all the standard excitements of her day. They had had their pleasure, of course. Their bodies might sometimes have been eloquent, but their souls had always been silent. They would die without having said anything important to each other.

"Tell me, darling, is my hat on straight?" she asked, pushing and tugging at the tray of surrealist marigolds perched on her head.

As usual he concealed his irritation.

"Perfect," he said.

"Darling, you're not even looking."

Then the bedroom door opened, and Stella came in. She was in her nightdress, and her hair hung loose over her shoulders

Wife

by BRUCE MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

It was his day of triumph. The mayor, the rector of the university, the whole town turned out to meet him. Even his wife was impressed. Then, suddenly, he saw Stella, and his mind went back

she complained. "And that reminds me. You did remember to pack my red satin slippers, didn't you?"

The statesman remembered remembering because he had resented his wife asking him to perform this service, feeling that, even in these universally servantless times, his preoccupation with the Balkans excused him from such chores. Dorothy, however, had decided otherwise.

"Of course."

"You're sure they were the red ones?" she said. "I particularly said red because I've brought my red dress."

"Of course," he said again, although he didn't remember in quite such detail because Jugoslavia had been especially prominent in his mind at the time.

At the station the mayor of the town was waiting. The principal of the university and the members of the senate were there, too, grand in their caps and gowns and hoods. The municipal band played "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

The mayor began his speech, reading from a sheet of paper which he kept waving in front of his mouth.

"We welcome back to our midst our beloved son Herbert Charles Dark Mawson, who has brought honour and renown to the whole country and most especially to this university town of which he is both a citizen and a graduate."

In spite of the clichés the statesman was touched and had difficulty in hiding his emotion. It was, after all, true. . . . The words spoken by the principal of the university at his first inaugural lecture came back to him: "Our mission is to train you to become leaders of men."

Well, he had led men, at home and in strange lands, in peace and in war.

He replied briefly and, he hoped, sensibly. Then it was time for him to get into the open limousine, in which Dorothy, the mayor and the principal were to ride through the flag-bedecked streets. The students, in their blue gowns, marched in front and the band played ta-ra, ta-ra, ta-ra, tum-tum. The mayor told Dorothy that it was wonderful weather for the time of year. The principal asked the statesman if he thought that Russia really meant war.

He noticed that Dorothy was bowing back to the cheering crowds with the discreet affability of a queen. She was enjoying it all tremendously. He realized that it was the quantity and not the quality of his success that she was appreciating. What mattered was the fact that he had been successful and not what he had been successful about.

The ceremonies began with a service in the university chapel at which the principal read the lesson from the chapter of Ecclesiastes beginning: "Let us now praise famous men." During the reading the statesman wondered whether it was fitting for professors and parsons to be so enthusiastic about honouring one whose vocation had so often forced him to prefer the useful to the moral.

When the service was over he was robed in a black silk gown and led into the assembly hall. There the principal looped a purple-and-white hood over his shoulders and told him in Latin that he was now a Doctor of Laws. Everybody clapped a great deal and the bishop of the diocese, a fellow student of his, told them at length that rendering unto Caesar the things which were Caesar's was not at all the same sort of thing as serving Mammon.

His own speech, when at last he came to make it from the high table after luncheon, was serious in content.

Single mindedness, he told them, was not only the one essential quality for success in any profession, but it was also the only quality which would save Western civilization.

The principal and the bishop and the members of the senate nodded their heads approvingly. The students seemed unimpressed.

Then he told them how moved he was to be publicly honoured by them all because thirty years previously he had worn the same blue gown and, as a freshman, walked in awe of second- and third-year students.

Afterwards there was a reception in the grounds. Gowns and hoods fluttered gaily and cool women walked in summer frocks beneath the trees. The statesman moved from group to group chatting. Then suddenly he came upon her, all alone in a plain dress and with tired lines about her eyes. "Stella," he said, and went to meet her with both hands outstretched.

It all came back to him now. He hadn't a girl and Tommy Green had, so Tommy had offered to ask his girl to bring along a friend and they could make a four of it.

Herbert had spent the afternoon hoping that Tommy's girl's friend would turn out to look like Gaby Deslys, but it was Tommy's girl who had looked like Gaby Deslys and her friend had been a pop-eyed nonentity with a big nose and buttoned boots. Tommy's girl was called Stella and her friend was called Jasmine and they all went to sit on the wall and look at the sea.

Tommy and Stella sat at one end of the wall and Herbert and Jasmine sat at the other. Herbert didn't know what to say to Jasmine, who said that she would give him a penny for his thoughts. Herbert said that he didn't think that his thoughts were worth a penny, and Jasmine said that it was rude for boys to take out girls and not have anything to say to them.

Then she asked him, intensely: "Do you play tennis, Mr. Mawson?" Mr. Mawson had most vehemently not played tennis and after that he had not played badminton, chess and beggar-my-neighbour.

By a quarter past eight he hadn't read *Black Beauty*, *The Rosary* and *Huckleberry Finn*, but he had read *Buffalo Bill* and always used embrocation when he sprained his ankle, which was never. By half past eight he knew that the population of India was 300 million and that the proper time for boiling an egg soft was three and a half minutes.

Then it was time for Tommy to accompany Stella to the station, and Herbert and Jasmine tagged along, too. Jasmine was dropped off at the door of her house on the way, and Herbert went on with Tommy and Stella to the station, because he had seen Stella's face only in the dark and wanted to see how pretty she looked in the light.

She looked lovely all right, standing by the open railway carriage door, with the lamps sending a sheen down on the black satin bow of her pigtail. Just as the train was about to leave she asked Tommy if he would like to travel with her as far as the junction and catch the next train back, but Tommy said, with a lack of chivalry which surprised Herbert, that he really couldn't be bothered.

Inspired into disloyalty by the desire to have a little of her beauty for himself, Herbert said that he would come like a shot if she wanted him to, and, to his surprise, she smiled and said that she would love him to come. Tommy didn't seem to mind greatly.

Three minutes later, Herbert was sitting beside her big mackintosh with the belt round the middle and riding with her prettiness all to himself.

Stella didn't ask him if he played golf, swam sidestroke or ate mustard with mutton. Instead she told him all sorts of funny familiar little things about herself. She wasn't going to put her hair up till after she was eighteen, she didn't like boys who tried to walk arm in arm with her the first time she met them and she never wore silk stockings because her father thought they were "fast."

He met her again the next night, at the gate of the churchyard. She wasn't there when he arrived and he waited for a long time alone in the dark, afraid that she wasn't going to come. Then suddenly she was beside him in the night, with her face peeking palely from the deep upturned collar of her dark coat.

Wordlessly he went with her up a rough lane to a little valley shadowed by trees. They lay side by side on the embankment and looked up at the stars. The wind blew gently in the long grass, but they were both too young to feel cold.

For the first time in his life Herbert sensed a little of the mystery of eternity in the realization that thousands of years ago lovers had lain like this and that thousands of years hence other lovers would still lie beneath the same stars.

"You're not saying much," she said.

"I'm thinking," he said.

He was thinking, of course, that he wanted to kiss her and to put his arms round her. He restrained himself, partly because of what she had said about boys, partly because he didn't want her to think that he was out for a light kind of love.

So they lay on in silence in the darkness with the sky high above them and the church clock chiming. The only gesture of tenderness which he dared to make was to touch the collar of her coat and say that the fur was very soft.

He rose at once when she said that it was time for them to be going and accompanied her back to the house and said goodbye at the gate. He lingered on alone, however, until one of the invisible upper windows turned pink, and he didn't leave until it had turned black again.

The last train had gone long ago and he walked the five miles back to town with enchantment singing in his heart.

Theirs was essentially a courtship of the poor, conducted in parks and lanes and shelters. It was in the shelter on the golf course in front of the Marine Hotel that he first kissed her, missing her mouth in his nervousness and taking a peck at her nose. "Now I'm your best girl," she said, and nestled close to him with shining eyes.

He pulled off her woollen gloves and held her hands, trying to cram them both at once into the same pocket of his overcoat when he thought that they were getting cold. She called him her big bear and he called her his baby doll because such was the fashion in endearments in those days. They hugged and kissed each other and laughed with delight.

The shelter became sacred for them because it was the place where they had first kissed, but they never met at the shelter, in case Stella arrived there first and some man tried to pick her up. They met always in front of the hotel and, after looking through the windows at the solemn dining of the rich and envying them not at all, they went to the shelter to enjoy their own less expensive pleasures and to swear that they would be true to each other even when they were very, very old.

To Herbert's surprise, Tommy had never reproached him for stealing Stella from him. Indeed, he had seemed relieved rather than distressed.

It was Gerald whose competition aroused his jealousy. Gerald was twenty-six and, because he was a qualified doctor, was allowed by her father to call at the house and to pay his court to Stella in the parlour. Every time Herbert saw Gerald's motor cycle outside the front gate he wanted to stick a tintack in the back tyre. On the rare occasions when they ate meals together in Stella's house, Gerald always ate the slice of meat or the cake that Herbert wanted and addressed all his remarks to Stella and her father and paid no attention at all to Herbert.

One evening, when Herbert had, exceptionally, been invited to spend the weekend, Gerald called and spoiled everything by staying until eleven o'clock and talking about how famous a heart specialist he was going to become.

"I can't understand what you see in him," Herbert said angrily to Stella when Gerald had gone at last. "He's stupid and he's vain and he's old."

"But, Herbert, darling, I don't see anything in him," Stella protested. "Honest injun, I don't."

"It's what he sees in you, I suppose?" he sneered. "Well, all I can say is you've got a fine way of being true to me."

He knew, of course, as well as she did that she was "true" to him. But, to hurt her, he pretended that he didn't

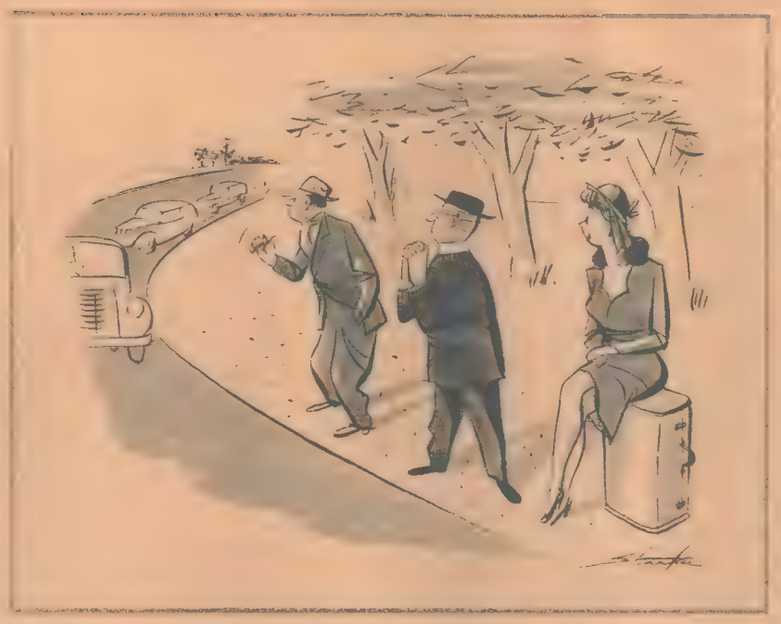
and went sulkily to bed without saying good night. It was their first quarrel and for a long time he lay sleepless and miserable. Then the door of his bedroom opened and she came in in her nightdress with her hair loose over her shoulders and her feet bare on the linoleum.

"Oh, Herbert, dear, I'm so unhappy," she said.

They wept together until their grief changed to gladness that they were united again. Holding hands solemnly in the moonbeams they swore anew that they would be true to each other for ever.

Of course, they still wouldn't be able to get married until Herbert had graduated and that would be another three years at least. They wouldn't be able to become engaged for some time yet, because Stella's father would say that they were both far too young and, anyway, Herbert hadn't the money to pay for the ring.

There was, however, nothing to prevent their being unofficially engaged, and unofficially engaged they became, plighting their troth by kissing each other on the eyes, lips, nose and forehead. To compensate for their present inability to tell others about their joy they agreed to inform their grandchildren just how early they had really become engaged.



Two months later the principal summoned Herbert to his study.

"Mawson, I hear excellent reports about you," he said. "Apparently you possess exceptional gifts. In particular you have been commended for your understanding of political science. Ever thought seriously of what you are going to do when you leave us?"

"I was thinking of taking up teaching, sir," Herbert said.

"You would be much better advised to think about postgraduate study," the principal said. "Then perhaps an apprenticeship to the law. Of course, I know that would all take time and that you wouldn't be earning your living quite so early as you expected. But it would be worth it in the long run, Mawson. Of that I am sure. And then there is a special money grant whose allocation is left to my discretion."

"Thank you very much, sir," Herbert said.

"Thank me when the grant is yours and not before," the principal said. "And there is just one thing: if you really want to make a career for yourself, keep out of amorous entanglements."

The more Herbert thought about it afterwards the more he wanted to make a career for himself, but the more he made love to Stella the more he wanted to marry her soon. His dilemma seemed insoluble.

Every time he met the principal he was afraid the principal was going to tell him that he knew all about Stella and would never consider giving a grant for postgraduate study to one who had so flagrantly disregarded his advice. Every time Stella clung to him and talked about how happy they were going to be in three years' time he felt a cad and a hypocrite for his hesitations.

Once, indeed, he tried to sound her out about how she would feel if they were to postpone their marriage for seven years instead of three: she wept in his arms and said that of course she'd wait if he wanted her to, but that she didn't want them both to be old before they got married.

In the end he solved his dilemma ignobly. In the summer it was much too light to frequent the shelter, because people would see them kissing; so they met halfway out on the golf course instead, where a sand bunker allowed them to caress in privacy. They might still have met outside the Marine Hotel, of course, but Herbert was now afraid of being seen by the principal in Stella's company.

One evening as he walked to meet her he waved as he caught sight of her standing on top of the sand bunker with the wind blowing her white dress about her legs.

Immediately she came running to meet him and as immediately the principal appeared from a near hillock, his ascetic face grim beneath his Homburg hat. Recognizing Herbert, the principal altered his course slightly and began to walk towards him. The principal reached Herbert first and Stella stopped breathlessly behind, reluctant to come forward.

Herbert greeted the principal and stared glassily past Stella. For one second he saw the surprise and the horror on her face and then he deliberately turned and walked slowly back towards the town with the principal.

He never dared even to attempt to see her again. Four years later he learned that she had married Gerald.

The faded little woman who smiled timidly at him now didn't look as though she had ever run helter-skelter from her lover across a railway bridge at night or had kicked her legs in the air when she was tickled in a sand bunker. She was fat and she was homely and her hair was tinged with grey, but her smile was gentle and friendly.

"Stella," he said. "After all these years."

"You haven't changed much, Herbert," she said.

"A little stouter perhaps," the statesman said.

"And very famous," Stella said.

"And Gerald?" the statesman asked.

"He's still in general practice," Stella said. "You see, with one thing and another, he never had time to specialize."

They stood smiling at each other, wondering, perhaps, the same thing: whether they would have been happier today if they had married all those years ago. And, the statesman wondered, if he had watched Stella's hair change from gold to grey, would the world have been unhappier today or tyranny more truculent?

Four hours later the statesman and his wife were in their bedroom in the Marine Hotel, changing for the dinner which was to be given in their honour. Dorothy, seated in a silk wrap in front of the dressing-table, was doing incomprehensible things to her hair.

"Really, darling, the women you talk to," she said. "Anyway, I see I have no reason to be jealous."

The statesman wanted to tell her that, on the contrary, she had every reason to be jealous. As usual, he hid his resentment, got out her satin slippers when she asked him and went downstairs to smoke a cigarette before dinner.

He crossed the street to the shelter. He sat down on the seat on which they used to sit and looked sadly out over the golf course. The same stars still twinkled in the same sky and above the railway track the same red lights still glowed. Only he had grown old in a world which God had willed for ever young.

"Please, sir?"

The statesman looked up to see a bare-headed young man standing nervously in front of him.

"Yes?" he said, rather displeased at the interruption.

"Sir, I represent the students of the political science class," the young man stammered. "They told me at the hotel that I should find you here. We wondered if you would say a few words to us."

A few words on political science? Forget it, abandon it, study embroidery instead. But the statesman was stopped in time by the recollection of how he himself had felt when young and seeking counsel of his elders.

"Sit down," he said instead.

"The only reason for studying political science is the desire to become a politician," the statesman said. "You may have to wait years in the wilderness. It will be a long time before you can marry, unless, of course, you've got private means."

"I'm afraid very few of us have got that, sir," the young man said.

"And, of course, most of you have got a girl," the statesman said.

"I expect so, sir," the young man said.

"Tell me a little about yours," the statesman said.

"She's seventeen. Her name's Mary. She's very pretty and she's very kind-hearted," the young man said.

"And how do you know she's kind-hearted?" the statesman asked.

"Because she stops to pat dirty babies in the street," the young man said.

The statesman began to be bored. It was so hard to feel what the young felt.

"I think she'll wait for me," the student said. "I think she understands. Of course, I could take up teaching as soon as I graduate, but one doesn't make much money at teaching does one, sir?"

"One doesn't make much money at politics either," the statesman said. "One's usually got to marry it. Well, the situation seems simple, doesn't it? Either immediate bliss, whose duration is problematical, or a long and lonely wait for a success which is equally problematical."

Sitting on in the darkness when the young man had gone, the statesman knew that he had not been able to help because, for all his greater age, he was unable to assess the wisdom of his own conduct.

"Please, sir?"

This time it was the hotel bell-boy.

"Yes?"

"Please, sir, it's your wife," the bell-boy said. "She says you've packed the green slippers instead of the red ones. She says would you come at once, sir."

For the first time in fifteen years the statesman dared to treat his wife as though she were a minor Balkan Power.

"Tell her I'll come when I'm ready," he said, and started off up the street after the young man. He ran as he had not run since he was an undergraduate. He was almost out of breath when at length he overtook his quarry.

"Wait," the statesman said.

The young man stopped in astonishment.

"Listen carefully," the statesman said. "I rather think I got things wrong just now. The only reason for wishing to become a politician is not the desire to succeed; the only reason for wishing to become a politician is the desire to govern one's fellow men wisely and to make them happy."

"I think I see that, too, sir," the young man said.

"We've failed," the diplomat said. "We're failing all the time. Perhaps we've trusted too much in political science instead of in ordinary human contacts. Perhaps if we'd known more about what the people really felt and less about what they ought to feel we mightn't have made such a mess of things. Perhaps if we had dared to be happy ourselves we might have made the whole world happy, too. Tell me—you say your young woman pats dirty babies?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, my advice to you is to marry her as soon as ever you can," the statesman said. "Oh, I know what I said before, but never mind that. Mind what I say now. Take a chance on it. Don't play for safety. And there's just one other thing."

"And what's that, sir?"

"When you buy Mary satin slippers buy her either silver or gold; they go with any colour of dress," the statesman said. "Never forget that. It's much more important than the rules for revaluing currency or determining boundaries."

And, with a wave of his hand, the statesman walked slowly back to his wife's displeasure.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Building for Life

WITH the world growing more complex every day, it is more than ever necessary for us to make up our minds how we are going to cope.

The need for knowledge grows, too. But there is not much point in just knowing something. Even the best idea remains just an idea till you do something with it.

However much we learn, we must still evolve our own view of the world and our own system of life. "You can no more think about the world according to another man's system," said H. G. Wells, "than you can look at it with a dead man's eye."

The best materials to build our system are facts—lots of them.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

I signed on for marriage

by SALLY MEREDITH

"I answered the advertisement out of curiosity. The marriage bureau's response was so business-like, I decided to register. I had four introductions—counting one frightful blunder—and then along came Peter Meredith..."

I KNEW I WAS GOING to marry Peter Meredith the second time we met. I knew by the way he put his hand in his pocket and the way he wore his watch. That may sound absurd, and much too romantic for an affair arranged by a marriage bureau. But it is the only way to describe how I felt—and I had not felt like that with any of the others. There were five altogether, counting one frightful blunder.

I had, in fact, never dreamed of getting mixed up in anything like a marriage bureau. I have had an interesting life and a good time. I was a dancing teacher except during the war, when I went all over the country in the W.A.A.F. I am only twenty-five now.

But I am always sending up for things—free samples, horoscopes, educational courses—just for fun. One day I spotted an advertisement for a marriage bureau in the local paper of the town where I was working. I wrote for the brochure out of curiosity.

I was surprised when I read it. It quoted several compliments that ministers of religion had paid to the ex-Army officer who started it. I knew, as most people do, that there are some marriage bureaux which are undesirable and badly conducted; but this one sounded different.

Though I had lots of friends, there was nobody I was likely to marry even on the horizon. I think marriage is the natural life for a woman, so I decided to take the thing a stage further. I wrote for an application form.

Private And Confidential

The form was surprisingly respectable, too: pale blue and very plain foolscap, like an official document. It was headed: "Private and Confidential."

I filled in "Name: Barnes, Sally—Miss," and my address. "Nationality: British. Age: 24" and date of birth. "Religion: C. of E. Where educated: at the village school where I was born, and then at a convent in a nearby town.

"Eyes: brown. (Do you wear glasses?): for reading and cinema only. Hair: black, shoulder length, curly at ends. Height: 5 ft. 4 in. Weight and figure: 9 st. 3 lb., slightly plump but well-proportioned. Complexion: clear, pink and white."

The form also asked about income. Five pounds ten a week as a dancing teacher; but I did not want to go on with that if I married. "Dependants: none. Father's profession: builder. Capital or other resources that you may desire to mention: none."

"Interests and Hobbies." I found it was hard to say exactly. I liked people and living in general. I put "ballet, films, swimming." "Habits re drink: occasional. Smoking: occasional. Do you enjoy good health? Yes."

The next section said in capitals: "I DECLARE THAT I AM NOT MARRIED, THAT I GENUINELY DESIRE TO MARRY, THAT THE PARTICULARS GIVEN ABOVE ARE TRUE AND CORRECT AND THAT THERE IS NO IMPEDIMENT, LEGAL OR MEDICAL, TO MY MARRIAGE." I did not mind signing that.

The last section was more difficult. "To enable the Bureau to ensure that only suitable introductions are offered, you may care to indicate below the type of person you have in mind."

I did not honestly know; though I knew what I *didn't* want. I specified somebody not more than forty, taller than I, and somebody who wanted a family and was likely to travel.

Difficult Age Groups

There were one or two things about the form which gave me confidence. "To safeguard its clients," it said, "this Bureau will take legal action against anyone making a false declaration."

And: "In certain age groups there are many more applications for registration from one sex than the other. This Bureau is not prepared to accept a registration fee—without offer of refund—when it may be unable to effect a suitable introduction."

I sent the form in with the five guineas registration fee. It said that I could have the fee back in twelve months if no introduction had been effected. The number of mutually approved introductions was limitless, but no young man could have my name or address unless I expressed a wish to accept an introduction to him—and unless, of course, he wished to meet me.

A day or two later, I had a letter from the founder of the bureau, asking if I would drop in and see him or his partner next time I was in the seaside town where they have their office.

I wrote him a long letter then, mostly my own past history: nothing personal except about an air-gunner I had intended to marry during the war. He was a redhead; he never came back.

As soon as I could get a morning off, I went to see Norman and Elizabeth. I did not call them Norman and Elizabeth then, but the atmosphere was so friendly that this followed easily later, about the time of my engagement.

Norman is a good deal older than Peter and me, with a sixteen-year-old daughter of his own and a schoolboy son. Elizabeth reminded me of a very pretty officer I had had at one of my W.A.A.F. stations. Norman took me to lunch after that first interview, and I often used to drop in after that.

The first two offers of introductions I received by post I declined. The one I finally chose was not really personable — too old-fashioned — but as Norman had said that the photograph did not do the man justice, I wrote back accepting.

Then this young man wrote to me to say that he had received a letter of introduction to me from Norman, and I arranged to meet him. It was quite a nice restaurant, with a three-and-sixpenny lunch.

He was waiting for me on the steps. He was very courteous, even to the point of being old-fashioned. Yet somehow he seemed too flippant.

I knew it wasn't right, as soon as we met. And I am sure he was disappointed, too. I imagine he expected

Two marriage bureau clients meet for the first time. "The main disappointment is that you know at the start if it is not right"

somebody much older than myself, more sophisticated.

We had lunch together. We got through it somehow, and then went for a walk and sat on the beach for a while.

I cannot really say I enjoyed any of the meetings until Peter turned up, because you are both too conscious of what it is for. I think the main disappointment is that you know at the very beginning if it is not right, and yet still have to get through the meeting.

Looking back, I know that first man was really trying to be nice about it, because he asked me to wait while he put the car in a garage before we parted, and when he came back he said: "As you realize, I am a lot older than my years. . . ." He had obviously been thinking out some tactful thing to say.

Back To The Bureau

I felt very depressed and went straight up to Norman's office. I had only just started to tell him about it, when we heard somebody trudging up the stairs. It was the young man, going to see Elizabeth. Norman smuggled me out without our meeting again.

The second introduction I accepted was to another young man, rather nice-looking and with rather nice dark eyes in the photograph. But I did not like his first letter. Not that one wants a correctly written letter, but he suggested that I should phone him, and this did not seem quite right. Perhaps he had had one or two unsuccessful introductions and was getting bored with it all.

Anyway, I let Norman have his letter and said I didn't think I wanted to see him. I believe Norman wrote to him saying that I had changed my mind.

The next meeting was a rather sudden one—a man of forty, travelling through my town, a shoe manufacturer, I think. Norman telephoned me about this. He said he was not too sure, but he felt we couldn't lose anyway, either of us.

We met in the lounge of one of the big hotels and went in to lunch. Trying to break the ice, I admired the flowers behind him. "Haven't they arranged those rhododendrons beautifully?" I said.

He didn't even look round. He just said: "Of course they're not rhododendrons." It wasn't a very pleasant meeting.

Made A Blunder

By this time, I was getting a little bored and careless about the introductions. That was when I made the blunder.

I felt very small when I went to see Norman about it.

"I've got something to confess to you," I said. "I've registered with another bureau."

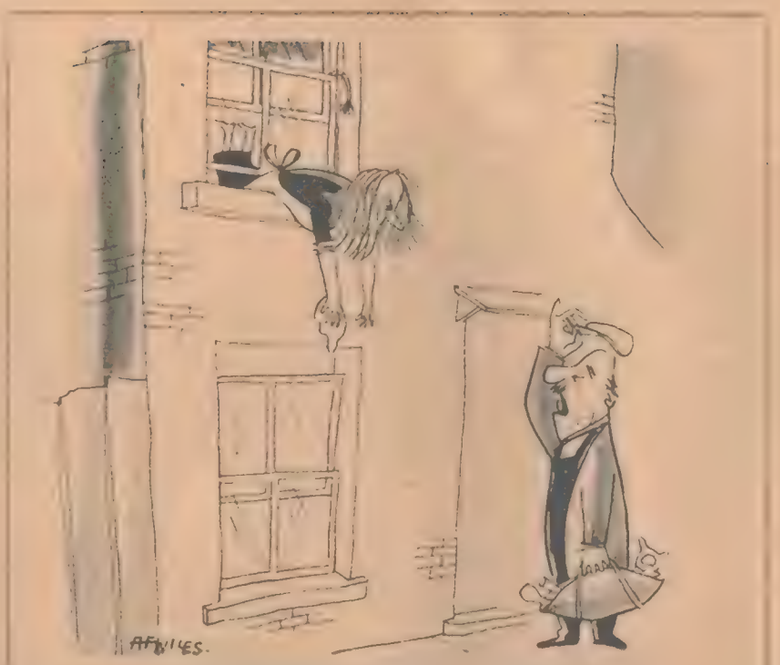
Norman smiled. "You're perfectly entitled to do that, Sally. It's a free country."

"That isn't all of it," I said. "They put a man in touch with me and I met him one evening. He was quite nice to talk to, until suddenly he said he'd booked a double room at an hotel.

"It was silly, I suppose, but I felt terrified. I must have shown it, because he apologized and told me not to worry. He said it was really just wishful thinking on his part."

Norman wasn't smiling any more. "Listen, Sally," he said. "You've been incredibly stupid. Particularly in allowing your name and address to be given to somebody without your approval? Do you mind telling me the name of the agency?"

When I told him I felt sillier than ever. He was very angry. He said that it was to clean up that sort of racket that he and various other reputable bureaux were forming an Association of Marriage Bureaux.



"Are you the lady waiting for new sash cords?"

Letter Gave No Clue

By the time my next introduction from Norman came along, I was past expecting anything of the whole thing. This was probably just as well, because, although the man was Peter, all sorts of snags cropped up before we actually met.

He wrote a long but quite impersonal letter to start with: nice firm handwriting, and rather amusing about his work at a shipyard and his plans to emigrate to Canada (that was one reason why Norman had put him in touch with me).

I liked the letter but couldn't get any sort of picture of Peter from it, though I knew from his photograph that he had a moustache, high cheekbones, and had a rather kind, competent look about him.

We arranged to meet at the public library one Saturday afternoon, but a couple of days before that he wrote to say that his mother was desperately ill and he would have to put off the meeting. I wrote a short note to say I understood.

A week later he wrote that his mother had died. I wrote again, sympathetically. Then I got another enormous letter and then a couple more from this young man I had never seen. They were all very impersonal, describing everything he had had to do about his mother and the family and the house and so on.

I answered them, but the whole thing still seemed unreal. I was busy and having a good time and, when I finally kept the appointment at the library, it was in a very casual mood. I don't even remember clearly what I wore.

For the first introduction that Norman had arranged for me, I went as sophisticated as I could: a black coat, long, with a princess line, black high-heeled shoes, hair upswept, and a black and pink scarf draped around my shoulders.

For the meeting with Peter, I think I had on an old grey and red check tweed suit with a white blouse, and red low-heeled shoes. My hair was down, loose.

Peter was walking restlessly up and down, putting out cigarettes before he had finished them and immediately lighting another. I recognized him at once from his photograph, but he was much thinner than I had expected, and terribly nervous. I believe he would have run away at that moment, if he could.

Silence Was Golden

He told me later that the thought of meeting any girl always covered him with confusion. At the time I put his worn appearance down entirely to his recent tragedy, and I listened all through lunch while he poured out all that it had involved him in.

He told me afterwards that he was immensely impressed at that first meeting by the way I "didn't natter all the time."

After lunch we went and sat on the beach and Peter brought out a booklet about Canada. He seemed completely at ease by this time, and I realized that he was much better looking than he had seemed while he was so nervous.

We talked about the places we had been to in the war, the chances of making a living in the Dominions, and so on.

Though he was so nervous about women, he had a kind of strength when he discussed these other things that gave me a comfortable feeling I had never had before.

Peter said, on the beach that afternoon: "I can't imagine why you joined the bureau." It shocked me a bit. I had quite forgotten that the bureau existed.

"Well," I said, "I wanted to get married and have children. I think it's the natural thing. And I just haven't met the right person yet." (I didn't tell him I was always sending up for things.)

Peter said he joined simply because it sounded reputable and he wanted to take a wife with him when he went to Canada. He is a very businesslike person.

Fairly soon I had to catch my bus. I was going home to my parents' house in the country for the weekend.

The next week I got a letter from Peter written in his aunt's garden, and saying he somehow felt I ought to be there, too. He is a terror for writing letters. I got one nearly every day after that.

Although I had still met him only once, I suppose I had really decided already. I dressed absurdly carefully for our second meeting: so much so that he didn't recognize me. I put my hair up, and wore high heels and a little scarlet jacket over a scarlet and white flowered dress. Peter has since told me that he loathes that jacket—says it looks cheap.

Everything went smoothly in spite of it. That afternoon he asked me to his aunt's house in Kent for a weekend.

The first thing he asked me when I arrived and he could get me alone, was whether I had received the letter he wrote me the night before. He knew it was impossible, because he had posted it too late to catch that day's mail.

Proposed By Mail

He got through the whole weekend without telling me, but he had in fact proposed to me in it. He was terrified, apparently, that he would never see me again once I got it. He did kiss me that weekend, for the first time. It was early May, and we went for a walk in the woods.

We were married the following June—last year—at the church near our house where my mother was married. We asked Norman and Elizabeth to the wedding. And we each sent the bureau the ten guineas that we had promised to pay in our original agreements.

Norman told me they have had just over a thousand people on their books since he began the bureau in 1947, and so far they have had ninety-four marriages and returned £600.

Peter and I are satisfied with our investment. The plan for emigrating to Canada has fallen through. Peter got a chance of a better job in this country and he is so thoroughly fulfilling my "type of person you have in mind" that we thought he had better take the job and postpone our travel dreams.

There will be three Meredith's before Christmas.

The oddest things happen. Spaghetti may come out from the piano, the lights go out or soda-water siphons start spurting in all directions. For London's home-from-home for stage folk is a . . .

HOTEL THAT LIVES ON VARIETY

by RICHARD COLLIER

NOT LONG AGO, a well-known music hall comedian rang up a friend and sought advice. What he wanted, he said, was somewhere congenial to stay in London until such time as the decorators moved out of his flat.

His friend, well versed in such matters, suggested, "Why don't you try that Continental place just behind London University?"

A few weeks later he met the comedian again. "Well," he inquired, "and how did you get on there? Was it comfortable?"

"Comfortable?" enthused the comic. "It was just like home. They were all mad."

The comedian, as it happened, had discovered "that Continental place" rather late in life. Ever since it first opened its doors to show people, which is now nearly twenty years ago, Enrico Olivelli's Continental Pension has been housing a weird and wild assortment of cowboys, "hoofers," trapeze artists and snake charmers.

Deceptively Demure

Olivelli's is also known to show business as "Papa's place" or "the crazy house," though the reason for the latter is not immediately apparent. Easily approachable from Tottenham Court Road, sandwiched between a hairdresser's and a book shop, the hotel from outside has a deceptively demure appearance.

A stranger who enters and descends the stairs finds himself in a hot, smoky basement restaurant, where every inch of the available wall space is given over to photos of all the big-time variety stars of the past twenty years.

Stan Laurel simpers coyly from a corner. Les Allen is caught in the act of taking a top note. The late Billy Bennett proclaims defiantly that he is descended from "five generations of bachelors." Otherwise all seems approximately normal.

No sooner has the stranger become conscious of the atmosphere than he becomes conscious that this may be the wrong restaurant altogether. It might have been the heat or the wine, but he imagines that he just saw five men enter the kitchen on their hands and knees, all barking like dogs.

There may be nobody on hand just at that moment to explain that tonight, being Tuesday, all those "acts" residing in the hotel are due for their meat ration.

The stranger, however, has no need to worry; he is in good company. When plump, silver-haired Papa Olivelli first opened his hotel seventeen years ago, there was nobody to tell *him* those things either, and since he had never set up in business to cater for show people, he just had to learn.

What Papa originally had in mind was a boarding-house for his fellow countrymen from Italy, who, although

Olivelli on morning rounds: fried chicken is breakfast favourite

they might appreciate good food and comfort, couldn't afford to pay West End prices for them. Papa, in those days, was his own chef, and one night, as he was cooking spaghetti, a trapeze artist called Mickie King dropped in.

Papa explains: "She is a fat girl and she likes eating. I let her eat all the spaghetti she can for half a crown. Soon she tells everyone that Olivelli's is for the eating. Within a fortnight I have a waiting list."

Papa didn't know it at the time, but that was the beginning of the invasion. Mickie King represented one-third of a then famous trapeze act known as Kaska, Stanley and May, and she spread the news of Papa's cooking throughout the music halls.

Others followed to confirm her view. It was years since Papa had visited a variety show, yet within a period of a few months he found that he had become a theatrical celebrity himself.

The Bohemian Way

Like many another trouper before him, he found that fame brought problems. Chief among them was a wry, irrepressible little north countryman named Jack Wilson, the motive force behind an inspiredly zany comedy team called Wilson, Keppel and Betty.

As Papa Olivelli's oldest inhabitant, Jack Wilson is quite sincere when he claims that he looks on Olivelli's as his home. To him it is not only a shrine of show business; it represents everything that is good about the Bohemian way of life. Most of the 600-odd signed photographs that adorn Papa's walls were nailed up in the small hours of the morning by Jack Wilson himself.

Out Went The Lights

Jack is also the master of ceremonies at some of the craziest after-hours jollifications. With some justification, he calls it "the show that no management could afford to book."

On one occasion, for instance, Jack found it necessary to "organize" Olsen and Johnson, of *Hellzapoppin* fame, on the night that they dropped in for a meal escorted by the Crazy Gang.

Customers who had no inkling of what normally went on at Olivelli's found that with maddening frequency all the lights went out, and soda-water siphons were brought into play.

Olsen and Johnson, entering into the spirit of the thing, insisted that everyone in the restaurant should change coats.

In the chaos that ensued, it took thirty-five minutes for everyone to find the right coat again.

There was also the time when Wilson, full of *joie de vivre*, walked upside down across the ceiling with his feet blacked, supported by one of the acrobatic Ganjou brothers. The footprints are there to this day.

Another time, when distinguished company was present, Wilson led a party of (at first) unsuspecting sightseers on a conducted tour round the premises. The diners were dismayed to find that the route of the tour led across their tables and even, in some instances, through their soup. The sightseers were equally dismayed to find that the tour ended at the coal cellar — where, for some appreciable time, Wilson locked them in.

Chorus Girls To Stars

From the layman's viewpoint, Papa Olivelli's clientele falls into two distinct classes. There are, first, the occupants of his thirty-two upstairs rooms, who are rarely top-of-the-bill performers, but range from such seasoned "pros" as Jack Wilson to young chorus girls.

Secondly, there are the celebrities, who arrive to eat when the show is over and revive memories of the days when they were poor and happy. Guests in recent weeks have included Peter Lorre, John Boles, Carl Brisson, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.

What keeps Papa's place functioning as one happy, if uproarious, family are the basic truths that show people never want to go to bed and that show business has no time for swank. As Bud Flanagan puts it: "There's no top-of-the-bill at Olivelli's. You eat at the same table as 'first turn,' and unless you're very lucky they get served before you do."

Big theatrical names who visit Papa's for the first time undergo a tough initiation ceremony. There was the time when Sophie Tucker paid her first visit and ordered a bowl of soup. Before she had had time to taste it, a waiter who looked suspiciously like Jack Wilson whisked it away and substituted a raw cabbage.

Sophie sat and gaped. The cabbage was replaced just as promptly by a man's bowler hat. Then the soup returned. And so on. . . .

Trinder Taken Aback

Sometimes the jokes are more elaborate. Wilson, for instance, once enlivened a wet night in Oldham by coaxing from the landlady of his "digs" an old and unflattering photo of Tommy Trinder in an act that might have been almost as corny as it looked. Accompanying it was a letter from an agent, stating that he thought Trinder's work "quite promising" and offering him a further engagement at £35 a week.

Arriving at Papa's to lunch one day Trinder was horrified to find these skeletons from his cupboard framed in a place of honour on the wall. At that time he was probably worth every penny of £2,000 a week.

When a top-liner sits down with the boys and girls at Papa's he is usually

"Papa" Olivelli with Gracie Draper (Crazy Gang) and Robert Harris

Colleano, Sen., Frank Marlow, Mrs. Colleano. Stars' photos frame walls

expected to live up to his reputation and provide them with something in the nature of an out-of-hours show. But not always does the crowd get its own way.

Duke Ellington refused to harmonize on the restaurant's ancient though serviceable piano; the fact that the residents often put spaghetti in the keys for the pleasure of seeing it jump may have been previously known to him. Harpo Marx was disappointingly reticent and did not even try to chase a blonde.

One act which really gave its all was Carmen Amaya's Spanish dancers; before anyone realized what was happening tables had been pushed aside and the whole restaurant became a whirling kaleidoscope of flying skirts. Recently, too, Richard Widmark was prevailed upon to reproduce the child-like moronic giggle that shot him to fame in *The Kiss of Death*.

In the chill silence that followed, a voice on the stairs was heard to remark unconvincingly: "They must be closed—let's try somewhere else."

Devotees will probably feel that Papa Olivelli's chief claim to fame lies in the fact that once, for a brief two weeks in 1938, a gangling carroty-headed youngster named Danny Kaye formed part and parcel of the Olivelli ménage—after which time the Dorchester Hotel cabaret, for whom he was working, gave him the sack.

Danny Was Broken-hearted

Those who remember the Danny of those days recall that at the time he was broken-hearted; things were none too good financially, and it was due to Papa's help that he was able to settle his bill and go back to the States.

The incident had not been forgotten when Danny once again visited Papa on his tour this year. At the reunion his manager, Eddie Dukoff, wise-cracked: "He still hasn't got any money—it worries him so much that I have to carry it for him." But nobody has any recollection of which room it was that Danny occupied.

Papa Olivelli, however, regards unpaid bills as all part of the game; sometimes accounts remain unsettled for two years, but no one has ever defaulted yet. And Papa himself, now in his early fifties, knows enough about show business, as well as the hotel business, to have a good idea of the hazards involved.

Papa's own career as a hotelier began at the age of twelve when he left school in his native Bologna and became apprenticed as a waiter at the local Hotel Baglioni. His father was a small farmer, but young Enrico had already set his heart on the bigger goals that were to follow — jobs in Venice, Monte Carlo and at Maxim's famous restaurant on the rue Royale in Paris.

Here Papa had his first insight into customers' eccentricities. It was here that a client celebrated his last night of bachelordom by insisting that all the waiters should be dressed as undertakers and that all the walls and mirrors of the restaurant should be decked out with black crêpe.

From another incident Papa learnt something of the resourcefulness which stands him in such good stead today. A beautiful Folies Bergère dancer lost an expensive brooch in the restaurant, and although the head waiter suspected a certain client who was seated nearby, he could prove nothing.

Instead he ordered his lovely customer a soufflé, and as it was being borne past the suspect, tripped the waiter up. Covered in soufflé from head to foot, the suspect was rushed off with profuse apologies to the washroom to repair the damage. They found the brooch in his waistcoat.

Started At The Savoy

From Maxim's young Enrico progressed to London, to the Savoy, the Criterion and Grosvenor House. Then, with his wife, Margherita, to assist him, he set about looking for a place of his own, and "The Crazy House" was the result.

Papa's thirty-two bedrooms, which range in price between £2 and £5 a week, accommodate an average of forty guests, but, as Papa points out, he is probably the only hotelier in the British Isles who gives his guests a twenty-four hour service.

Since Papa, in these days, spends a large part of his time at his farm near Swindon, the main task of superintending the hotel's normal routine falls to a thick-set forty-year-old Manchester-born bachelor named George Nicholson, known affectionately to all the pros as "Nick."

On paper, Nick's task might seem fairly simple; he can estimate, for instance, that on an average weekday the restaurant will serve forty breakfasts to the residents, as well as 350 other main meals, most of them at night. But Nick's main difficulty lies in the times that the meals are required.

A resident's normal breakfast-call, after playing two strenuous "houses" on the previous night, will probably be around midday. Some ask for a pot of coffee and fried chicken; others may prefer tea and cream cakes.

There are residents who frown on breakfast any earlier than four o'clock in the afternoon, but others may require their lunch at that time. All of them will probably consider that some time between midnight and 4 a.m. is the best time for dinner.

Papa Olivelli, however, never regards these caprices as being problems. In the restaurant itself much odder things have been known to happen.

Circus star Gene Detray brought a chimpanzee to lunch; it ate its spaghetti and then relaxed with a cigarette like any other trouper.

Cowboy Jack Texas came accompanied by his pony; it partook of a glass of beer with the company and diligently counted all the buttons on Mama's blouse.

Tom Mix, knowing nothing of all this, was flabbergasted when Papa asked him why he hadn't brought Tony. "What, a horse in a restaurant?" he said. "Sure," said Papa equably. "He could have had a bran mash while you were eating."

The Indian Mystic

Language problems, strangely enough, crop up far more rarely than culinary problems. Papa's specialities include ravioli and spaghetti bolognese, but once, when he was accommodating an Indian mystic, Papa had to import an Indian *bawarchi*, who had a sure hand with curries.

When, during the war, Sir Stafford Cripps paid them a visit, Papa himself supervised the preparation of a special carrot cutlet.

So closely does Papa identify himself with the interests of his clients that after one incident the rumour even sprang up that he was psychic. That was when Ben Dova, the acrobat, got a last-minute assignment to fly over to New York and replace an old pal of his named Joe Jackson.

Dova couldn't wait to start rehearsals, but, for some reason that he couldn't then fathom, Papa warned him that there was danger ahead.

Shortly afterwards, passing over Lakehurst in the airship *Hindenburg*, Dova had a miraculous escape as the airship burst into flames. Jumping forty clear feet to the ground, he broke both legs, but crawled clear.

Papa's place being what it is, probably the stories that remain most cherished there and are retold most frequently are those that are directly concerned with the deflation of superiority complexes.

Bonar Colleano, one of Papa's regulars, recalls the time during the war when a legendary musical-comedy beauty was startled out of bed by a bomb that came down nearby.

She left Papa's next day with her legend shattered for ever. So anxious had she been to gain the shelter of the basement that she forgot both her teeth and her wig.

Shakespeare Said It

But the most prized wartime occasion of all was when a famous Shakespearian actor was prevailed upon during the height of the blitz to favour the company with a few select recitations.

Unfortunately for him he chose a piece from *King John*, which contained the lines:

Some airy devil hovers in the sky
And pours down mischief.

Just then a bomb dropped outside. "Terrific!" cried one of the pros. "But *definitely* the finest bit of gagging I ever heard."

Olivelli's is like that.

A NOSE in a million

by MICHAEL GILBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY CLIXBY WATSON

It was monstrous. It was a parody, a caricature of a nose. A detective would have to be blind to miss it . . . which gave Max, its owner, an idea

YOU KNOW THE TYPE. He's the master-mind. He sits at the centre of a web, spinning his schemes. When he pulls up this thread it has a priceless diamond attached to it (not quite as big as the Koh-i-noor, but purer): that one brings in a naval treaty, and a certain foreign Power pays half a million for it. I never believed they existed, either, until I met Max.

It's true that his profits were nothing approaching this sensational level. But he was a planner all right. He wove schemes. And they were good schemes, too. They worked.

Max himself was a switch. Almost, you might say, a king switch. That is, he specialized in lightning substitutions which are the stock-in-trade of every conjurer, the only difference being that Max worked his conjuring tricks in broad daylight, and without props or aids of any sort.

It's a specialized profession and one which calls for a high degree of expertise. For West End jewellers are inclined by nature and training to be suspicious people. When they hand to a customer—even to a well-dressed and obviously respectable customer—that ruby the size of a pigeon's egg or that diamond that has graced an emperor's crown, you may be certain that they keep their eyes pretty steadily on the gem in question and any crude attempt to hand them back a facsimile in coloured glass will lead to prompt grief.

MAX was an Armenian. He suffered, professionally, under two handicaps. One was his nose and the other was the huge mole which crowned the centre of his chin. His nose was large and curved; not curved in any ordinary way, but prominent and arresting, thin and sharp as the blade of a scimitar. A nose in a million. The mole was a beauty, too.

I should make it plain that it was not on any aesthetic grounds that Max deplored these facial characteristics. He was no Narcissus. Indeed, his face, taken as a whole, had a sort of integrated charm, like an orchid or an early English terminal gargoyle.

The fact was that such outstanding peculiarities rendered him far too easily recognizable.

What was the good, as he observed, of the most skilful switch—for the loss was bound to be discovered sooner or later—if the jeweller had only to describe his face to the police and the police could say at once and with certainty, "That's Max."

He also had a brother. No, not a twin. Two years his junior, and a possessor of the Max nose—though not, of course, of the Max mole.

But this account, the greater part of which was given to me by Chief Inspector Hazlerigg and the rest by Max himself, has somehow got out of hand. Let us therefore look to the effective beginning of things. . . .

A fine morning of early summer in Piccadilly Circus.

A bus is coming down Regent Street and has reached that point on the circumference of the curve of the Nashe Arcade where it halts for a moment to set down and pick up passengers, before it plunges into the merry-go-round of the Circus.

SINCE it is only just ten o'clock the bus is reasonably empty. The wage-slaves have already reached their desks and counters and your true West Ender has not yet finished his breakfast.

The bus conductor, Mr. Wragg, who, like all good conductors, keeps a mental check on his numbers, knows that he has only four passengers on the upper deck. He has taken all their fares some time since. No one has gone upstairs since the stop after Oxford Circus and as it is a hot day he rather hopes that nobody will go upstairs. There's plenty of room inside. There's——

"Lumme," said Mr. Wragg to himself in classic phrase. "Wotter geezer!"

There was some excuse for this lapse from the standard of manners enjoined by the London Passenger Transport Board. The gentleman who had scrambled aboard the bus just as it was moving off, was undeniably a striking figure. To start with he was dressed in full morning dress, with a top hat, and wore in his buttonhole a very large overblown yellow rose. Then there was his nose—a nobly jutting prow, sufficient in itself to mark out its possessor. And that huge mole on the chin——

The newcomer climbed the stairs.

One of the upstairs passengers, a small clerkly person, got off at the Haymarket stop, and the conductor waited to make sure that no one was getting on before making his way to the upper deck.

"Any more fares, please?"

Curious. Perhaps the gentleman was

The stranger said: "Please go away, stinking little man." The conductor said: "Oy, less of it"

deaf. "I said, 'Any more fares?'." Or perhaps he did not understand English. This seemed quite a possible explanation. He had a sort of a foreign look about him.

Stationing himself in front of the stranger, so that he could not possibly avoid seeing that he was being addressed, and punctuating his remarks by waving his ticket board prominently backwards and forwards, Mr. Wragg said: "Fares, please. Ticket. Where to? Money," and finally, for he had been a signaller in 21st Army Group: "*Argent, s'il vous plait, monsewer.*"

"Thank you," said the stranger, affably, and in very fair English. "A ticket I have."

"Well, a ticket you haven't got from me," said Mr. Wragg, wittily. "Where is it you're wanting?"

"Please go away, stinking little man," said the stranger. Whereupon he unfolded a copy of *The Times* and engrossed himself in study of the Court Circular.

"Oy," said Mr. Wragg, his jocularity deserting him. "Less of it. This is one bus you can't ride on without a ticket."

"A ticket I have," said the stranger.

"Come along now," said Mr. Wragg.

"Go chase yourself," said the stranger.

THE audience of three, two workmen and a stout lady, who had enjoyed these exchanges considerably, laughed. This settled the conductor.

He stalked to the head of the stairs and rang the bell. When the bus had stopped — it was by this time half-way down Whitehall—he got out and had a quick consultation with his driver, of which the words "foreigner" and "trouble" were audible to the intrigued ground-floor passengers, and then returned to the top of the bus and said: "Either you pay your money or you get out."

"I tell you," said the stranger, with unbroken complacency, "my money I have paid. My ticket I have bought to Waterloo train station. Remove yourself, offal."

"All right, then," said Mr. Wragg. "All right. You're asking for it. I shall fetch a policeman. And less sauce, please."

"Come to the right place for a copper," said one of the passengers, with a grin, pointing to the gates of New Scotland Yard. "Well, I'm off. Doesn't seem we're going to get much farther in this bus."

It appeared that the other passengers had come to the same sensible conclusion, for when Mr. Wragg returned three minutes later accompanied by a police sergeant and a bus inspector he found the stranger in sole and dignified possession.

"Now then, sir," said the sergeant. "What have——" with an effort he removed his fascinated gaze from the mole — "I understand there has been some trouble."

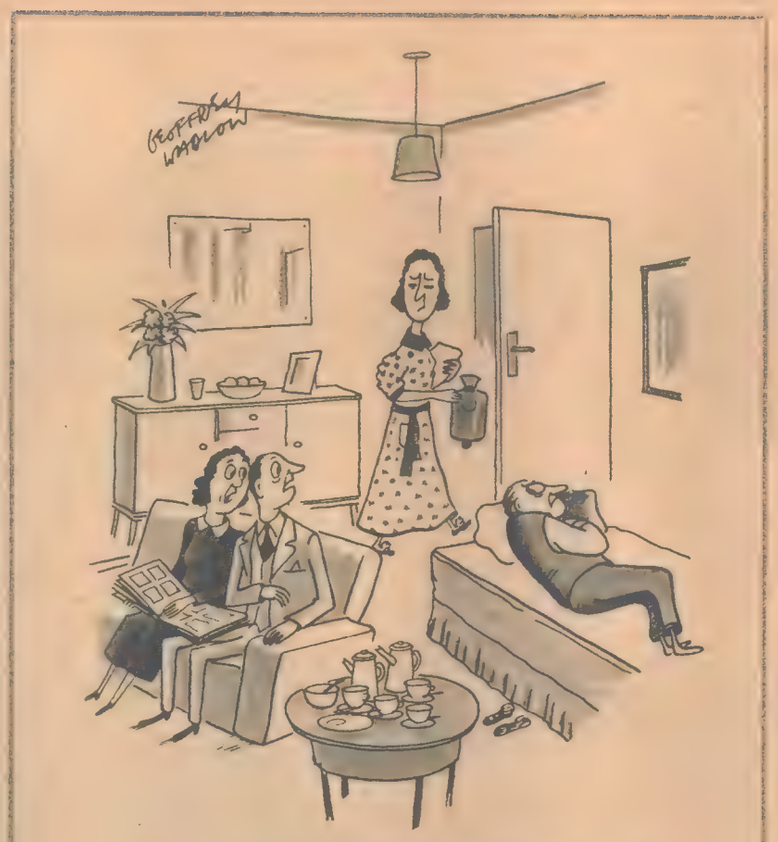
"No trouble, policeman, I assure you," said the stranger. "My money I have paid. My ticket to Waterloo train station I have."

The policeman looked inquiringly at Mr. Wragg, who shook his head. "Got on at Piccadilly Circus," he said. "Couldn't make a mistake about a thing like that."

The policeman, taking another quick look at the stranger, found himself forced to agree. Taken all in all it was a get-up that was unlikely to escape attention.

"Now then," he said. "We can't hold the bus up all day. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to come with me to Cannon Row station—it's just across the road. You, too," he added to the conductor. "Can't someone get this bus moving?"

"That's all right," said the inspector. "I'll ride as conductor as far as the garage. I can pick up someone there; you go along with the sergeant, Wragg. Oh, yes—and take your log sheet and ticket clip, just in case he's picked up a ticket off the floor and tries to pull a fast one."



"I've an idea we ought to be getting along home"

The stranger, however, seemed far from being desirous of pulling fast ones. He stepped jauntily off the bus, raised his grey top hat to the Cenotaph, and followed after the sergeant. . . .

Ten minutes later, the sergeant was scratching his head. He turned again to the conductor.

"Just check through your sheet again," he suggested.

"There's nothing to check," said the conductor. "That ticket was issued all right. It comes out of this clip." He indicated a wad of unused fourpenny tickets. "It's the last but one off this set. And from the clip hole I should say I gave it out somewhere between the top of Great Portland Street and Oxford Circus. You can't tell any nearer than that. But I never issued it to this man. Blow me down, you can't mistake a fancy-dress rig-out like that. He got on just short of Piccadilly. Half a dozen people must have noticed him—downstairs and up."

"IT'S going to be a bit difficult to get hold of 'em, now," said the sergeant, doubtfully. He saw a lot of possibilities ahead and he didn't like any of them much. "You ought to have taken the name and address of a witness at the time. God knows where they've got to now. It looks as if it's going to be your word against his—and he *has* got a ticket."

"Now don't you start on me," said the conductor heatedly. "Blow me down, you'll be saying I made the whole thing up next."

Nerves were plainly getting frayed, and the stranger's next effort did nothing to improve matters.

"My solicitor I demand to see," he said. "His name I have here." He took out a handsome wallet and after some fumbling placed a card on the table. The name on it meant nothing to Mr. Wragg, but the sergeant went first red, and then white.

"Rubinstein and Nashe," he said slowly. "Mr. McArthur Rubinstein looks after you himself, I take it?"

"Mr. Rubinstein is my solicitor," agreed the stranger complacently. "He is an eminent legal man. He will tell you that I am of repute. He will say that since I have bought my ticket I must be permittit to travel to Waterloo train station. That I am arrestit is nothing but a scandal."

The sergeant looked round helplessly. He did not know what to make of the situation. He did not know whether the stranger was mad or the conductor was suffering from hallucinations.

But he *did* know Mr. Rubinstein, who was possibly the greatest criminal lawyer of his day. He was particularly hot on false arrest.

"Ask him," said a voice, "if anything out of the way happened between Oxford Circus and Piccadilly Circus."

All three men jumped. Even the stranger appeared, for the first time, to be faintly disconcerted.

Yet the man who had come in while they were talking and had stood unnoticed behind the charge desk, was ordinary enough in appearance; middle-aged, thickset, red faced. Only his light grey eyes were remarkable.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the sergeant. "I didn't see you come in."

"Ask him," said Chief Inspector Hazlerigg, "if he noticed anything out of the way. Things do happen, you know. Even on top of buses. Men say humorous things—women drop sixpences and crawl about on the floor after 'em. Babies cry. Dogs get under seats."

"Nothing of that sort I have remarked," said the stranger: he seemed to have followed Inspector Hazlerigg's train of thought with some accuracy. "But this I tell you. I get on the omnibus to the north of Oxford Circus. As the bus passes this circus one shouts from the top to the conductor 'Goes this bus to Marble Arch?' Upon which the conductor replies 'By heaven, no. Not unless they have it moved.'"

"Well?" said Hazlerigg.

The conductor was looking at the stranger: his mouth was half open in stupefaction and his voice was not entirely under control.

"Knock me down," he said at last in a voice hardly above a whisper. "It's true then. I'm going mad."

"It happened as he says?"

"Yes. Just as we were crossing the lights at Oxford Circus, chap up from the country, it looked like, shouted down the steps 'This way for Marble Arch?' 'Not unless they've moved it,' I said. He couldn't—I—he—Knock me down!" said the conductor again, "I'll wake up in a moment."

"Then I may go?" said the stranger. "My story is believed? It is good. Restitution later I shall seek." He picked up Mr. Rubinstein's card and flourished it menacingly before returning it to his wallet.

"There's just one thing," said Hazlerigg apologetically. "A formality. But have we your name and address?"

"I got that, sir," said the sergeant. He slid the record in front of the inspector.

"Max." The grey eyes swivelled. "Mr. Englebert Florian Max."

"An honour," said Mr. Max, bowing creakily from the waist.

"The honour," said Hazlerigg, "is all mine. Would you all oblige me by waiting here for a minute—I won't be long."

In fact he was back in almost exactly sixty seconds. He had a paper in his hand.

"Mr. Max," he said, "the point in dispute here seems to be *where* you boarded this bus."

"Of that there can be no dispute," said Mr. Max. "My ticket——"

HAZLERIGG was blandness itself. "Quite so. I am just asking for confirmation. So once again, if you don't mind. Where did you get on to the bus?"

"To the north of Oxford Circus."

"In Upper Regent Street?"

"I have said. One hundred yards to the north of Oxford Circus."

"At about ten o'clock."

"It may be so. If this little man says ten o'clock I do not deny it."

"But look here," said the conductor, "when I said ten o'clock I meant it was ten o'clock at——"

"If you please." Hazlerigg turned to Mr. Max. "And you are prepared to swear to it?"

"I swear it." Mr. Max placed his hand upon the left side of his dove-grey waistcoat. "Upon my 'art I swear it. Now I may go?"

"On the contrary," said Hazlerigg, gently. "On the contrary."

He refreshed his memory from the paper he was holding and then said: "At ten o'clock this morning the manager of Lorrequier Fils—they're the jewellers, you know—reports that a man entered his premises in Upper Regent Street, and asked to look at a set from their show-case. The set consisted of two large ear-drops and a matching hair ornament in diamonds and rubies on platinum filigree. Not, I should have thought, in very good taste, but undoubtedly extremely valuable. The man examined them for a few seconds—they were on a velvet covered show card—and then, remarking that they were a fine set but not quite

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Avenue School Parents' Association holds an outing. Parents strike up friendships not only with the teachers but with other parents as well

FATHER AND MOTHER JOIN IN AT SCHOOL

by JOHN MAY

Once parents met the teachers only when there was a complaint to make. Now they get together as partners

THE KIDS WERE HAVING a wonderful time. On the traditional high and narrow stage, Punch whacked away at Judy, the puppet master behind the curtains squeaking angrily for him. Even the lady mayor in the front row, despite the dignity of her chain of office, could not help laughing.

Parents and children thronged the gala's sideshows. "You wouldn't think it," my guide said, "but we've given them sixteen hundred two-ounce bags of sweets already this afternoon!"

From the music, flags, and throngs of the playground we went into the cool of the school building. One classroom was rigged up as a serve-yourself cafeteria; laden with teacups and plates of cake, a stream of people passed into another room set out with tables and chairs. Through swing doors we stepped into the darkness of the school hall, where more children watched a cowboy film.

"The parents' association has given that projector on permanent loan to the school," said the voice beside me. "We hope to reduce our debt substantially with the takings at our gala today."

The projector cost nearly £250. It was a large amount for the parents of an East London school to find. But in fact 2,500 people, adults as well as children, came to school that Saturday afternoon, and the takings more than paid the remainder of the bill.

Six hundred children, aged from five to eleven, attend Avenue School, Manor Park. More than three hundred fathers and mothers (and several teachers) belong to the Avenue School Parents' Association. Their association demonstrates what parents in other districts could do.

"A.S.P.A." was fostered initially in 1946 by the headmaster. Now Edwin Penny, the new "head," is its president. But the real recruiting force are the children.

Young Victor came home daily full of what other parents were doing. "Why don't *you* join, Dad?" he'd say. To please him, Arthur Sullivan paid the shilling subscription.

His prewar hobby was debating; he'd served as a staff sergeant instructor during the war; he had go-ahead ideas about education. After a meeting at which his wife pushed him into airing his views, he found himself appointed secretary.

Making Them All Mix

His problem was to rouse equal interest in other parents. "You've got to winkle them out of their homes first or you can't do anything with them," says Sullivan.

At the school, A.S.P.A. runs whist drives on alternate Tuesdays, old-time dances every Friday. Both mix people together so that they *all* get to know one another. The evenings' takings help the funds. And while parents dance, their children enjoy a film elsewhere in the building.

Next come lectures and debates to start members thinking as parents—constructively. Subjects have to be live, down-to-earth, to fill the seats. "We don't want to listen to stuff about 'The Decay of Roman Civilization'; we're more interested in preventing the decay of our own!"

"What Shall I Tell My Child?"—a sex lecture—had an audience of 150. "Could We Do With More Scholarships?" attracted a hundred to the school hall. Their verdict stirred the chairman of the local education committee to explain that the authorities were "doing their best."

Unexpected benefits, often wildly remote from the subject discussed, emerge from these meetings.

Too often in the past parents met the schoolteachers only when there were complaints to make. Because of childhood grievances, many parents nursed an immature hate-reaction to school and teachers—*not* always subconsciously.

The new headmaster at Avenue School says: "I've found it very valuable to be able to meet people so that they can get to realize that I'm not as bad as they thought I was!"

Daylight can dawn suddenly on the puzzle of a troublesome child when a teacher meets its parents. Even where no trouble exists, it is valuable to exchange greetings, ideas and attitudes. A child is happier when parents and teachers agree.

Teachers often criticize parents' associations because a parent's "life" covers only the comparatively few years his children are at the school. A.S.P.A. welcomes "any adult member of a family whose children attend *or have attended* the school." Plenty of live members are parents of "old" students.

The association naturally agitates for smaller classes, which teachers also would like to see. It stubbed its toe in seeking to investigate complaints about school meals.

The first job after A.S.P.A.'s annual meeting in October is to arrange children's Christmas parties.

One of the parents who is a conjurer and ventriloquist helps with the shows. Last year, children who missed the parties got a propelling pencil or a clockwork motor. This year some threaten to stay away on purpose.

Borrowed Housekeeping Money

The cost of outings and treats for children runs into hundreds of pounds annually. For one show in the early days, the organizers finished by borrowing housekeeping money to cover preliminary expenses. "One of the first jobs at the end of the day was to pay back anxious mothers."

Last year the average expenditure was twelve shillings for every child in the school. This year it will be more than sixteen. The figures are deceptively low because they do not include work put in by A.S.P.A.'s volunteers.

Four fathers have qualified to operate the film projector, and more are training to pass the necessary examination.

For the recent gala, seventy parents acted as stewards. Beforehand some worked until midnight building sideshows and stencilling posters.

The parents are young; they enjoy

the work. Behind them is a strong committee of twenty, with hard-working officers.

Secretary Sullivan is an assistant manager in the dress trimmings trade. His assistant secretary is a shirt cutter, and the treasurer is in the fire service. The chairman is a teacher elected freely by parents, despite other parents being nominated for the position. The vice-chairman is a clerk.

Three Traps

Having got so far, where can they go from here? Parent-teacher associations are no new idea. They are fine in theory. Unfortunately they often fall into one of three traps.

They fail to develop further than a social club for a clique of parents. They start well, but soften into a mere treats-for-the-kids organization. Or they grow too big for their boots, try to strong-arm the teachers, and thus wreck the partnership.

Headmaster Penny's spontaneous comment on his school's parents is: "They're tremendously eager to learn!" A.S.P.A. is developing into a community association built round the children and the school.

Dozens of families have been meeting at the school at 10 a.m. on fine Sunday mornings for all-day picnics. One Sunday in July nearly a hundred turned up. The children played games, mothers challenged fathers at cricket.

The A.S.P.A. has formed a dramatic section and a handicraft class. Parents at the class make handbags, brooches, toys. Some learn woodwork, others clay modelling. There is a joint annual exhibition and auction of the work of both parents and children.

The new headmaster is a keen musician. He has formed a parents' choir which practises on Tuesday evenings; it has already sung with the children's choir.

But A.S.P.A.'s progress has not always been so harmonious. There was a hitch early on about the electric power for the cinema projector.

When it was bluntly pointed out that hundreds of local citizens would be badly disappointed, the trouble smoothed itself out as if by magic. Rightly or not, many parents regarded this as a victory for the association.

Want A Say

Avenue School is governed by a board of managers—local councillors. The parents have elected a nominee whom they would like to see co-opted to the board.

"We regard it as a major issue in the development of parent associations," says secretary Sullivan. When it comes to prodding stick-in-the-mud authority, parents plainly have an advantage over officials and politicians; they have neither jobs, pensions nor votes to jeopardize.

"We would like to see lively parent associations attached to all schools," says Sullivan. "They could be a new force in education and culture.

"We are continually told that the trouble today is that people won't do anything for themselves. What I say is, for the kids' sakes, give them the opportunity and make them feel that they are *wanted*!"

A NOSE IN A MILLION

Continued from page 18

what he wanted—handed them back and left the shop. It was not more than two minutes later, when he had some difficulty in fitting the card back on to its pedestal stand, that the manager discovered that he had been handed a clever, but unfortunately valueless, replica of the show card and its contents. The man had, of course, by that time, disappeared."

Since most of this appeared to be addressed to him, Mr. Max took on himself to inquire, "And how should this concern me, Inspector? Because I am in Upper Regent Street at ten o'clock to board an omnibus, must it follow then that I commit robberies in Upper Regent Street?"

He pulled out a coloured silk handkerchief and wiped the palms of his beautiful white hands which seemed suddenly to be sweating.

"The man in question," said Hazlerigg, "has been described as wearing morning dress, as having a hooked nose, and as bearing a remarkable mole in the centre of his chin. I have the manager of Lorrequiers on the way here now and I have asked him to hold himself in readiness to attend a formal identification parade."

"It's a plant," said Max.

It was noticeable that his grasp of colloquial English improved steadily as the situation deteriorated.

"If it's a plant," said Hazlerigg patiently "—and the identification was as fair as we could make it, in the limited time at our disposal—then the fact that you don't seem able or willing to grasp is that it's you who's been doing most of the planting."

While Max was digesting this one Hazlerigg went on.

"You've got here——" he indicated Mr. Wragg, still sitting patiently in the corner— "a voluntary, credible, and indeed unimpeachable witness that you were in Piccadilly at ten o'clock this morning."

"That's right," said Mr. Wragg. "I showed you my schedule. We were running right up to time. I saw the clock as we came into the Circus."

"Quite so. On the other hand we are all equally certain that this larcency took place at ten o'clock—even possibly, a minute or so after ten. If I may remind you of the manager's evidence he states positively that he opened his shop, as usual, on the stroke of ten, and the gentleman in question came in immediately. The whole transaction took not more than a minute. In confirmation of which the manager states that he rang up Scotland Yard immediately he noticed the substitution and we have been able to confirm that this telephone call was received at four minutes past ten."

"So," said Max thoughtfully.

HAZLERIGG went on: "Mr. Wragg's evidence therefore to the effect that you boarded his bus in Piccadilly quite plainly exculpates you. Unfortunately, however, there is just one person who persistently refuses to accept Mr. Wragg's evidence. Yourself. You insist that you boarded his bus to the north of Oxford Circus—in Upper Regent Street—in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, within twenty yards of Lorrequier's shop."

There was an exceedingly pregnant silence, which lasted perhaps a whole minute, then Max said, with practically no trace of foreign accent or idiom, "Well then, I can see I must tell you the truth."

"Do," said Hazlerigg. "Do," and the sergeant took out his book and licked his pencil hopefully.

"It was a put-up job," said Max slowly. "I did get in the bus at Piccadilly, exactly as he said——"

"How did you get the right ticket?" asked Hazlerigg.

"A friend of mine was in it with me. He got on at the stop in Great Portland Street and bought a fourpenny. When I got on, he got up to go, and I took his seat."

"The little man who got off at the Haymarket stop?"

"Yes. He left the ticket pushed down the back of the seat."

"I take it you were out to get what you could by way of damage for false arrest."

"That was the idea," admitted Max sadly.

"Rubinstein wasn't in it, I suppose?"

"No, no," said Max. If it had got to court he would have represented me I expect—he wasn't in on the scheme."

"Pity," said Hazlerigg. "I'd give a year's pay and promotion to put *him* in the dock."

"But look here," said Mr. Wragg, recovering his voice, "what about that bit about the Marble Arch—how did you know that?"

"Well, that was not difficult," said Max. "As the inspector observed, something is always happening on a bus. My friend wrote down a quick note of one such incident on the back of an envelope and pushed that down with the ticket. I read it at the same time as I recovered the ticket."

There was another silence and Hazlerigg said: "The thing is, can we believe you this time? Excuse my lack of confidence but we heard so many versions of—wait a moment. . . . Of course. There is a way. What did you do with that paper—the envelope you were talking about?"

"Not wishing to have it found on me," said Max, "I put it back down behind the seat."

"Where will your bus be now?" said Hazlerigg to Mr. Wragg.

"If it's running to time," said the conductor, looking at the charge room clock, "it's due back past here in seven minutes exactly."

"Splendid. Go out and stop it and see if you can find that paper."

Ten minutes later Hazlerigg was looking at a crumpled envelope and the scrawled pencilled words on the back.

"Just like he said, sir," said Mr. Wragg. "Pushed down behind the seat. The one he was sitting at."

"Yes," said Hazlerigg. "I see." He turned to Max. "Well, that would seem to support your story all right."

"Then I may go?" said Max hopefully.

"On the contrary," said Hazlerigg—it seemed to be one of his favourite expressions—"on the contrary. . . ."

SOME weeks later Mr. Max appeared before a court of summary jurisdiction on the rare but by no means obsolete charge of Committing an Act Tending towards Public Mischief. The chief witness for the prosecution, apart from Mr. Wragg, was Max himself and the court listened with interest as he related, with disarming candour, the steps he had taken to get himself falsely arrested, with a view to profit. In the end they could hardly withold a measure of sympathy for a man forced by circumstances to incriminate himself so thoroughly in his own defence, and this was possibly why they contented themselves by imposing a fine of one hundred pounds.

On the morning after the trial two conversations of interest took place, the first of them in the Assistant Commissioner's office.

"I congratulate you," said the Assistant Commissioner to Inspector Hazlerigg, "on your handling of a difficult situation. Public Mischief is always a tricky horse to ride. On the other hand, though, I can't quite see how—I mean to say—*someone* did rob that jeweller's shop."

"The only explanation that fits," said

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Charlton trainer Jimmie Trotter examines a sprained ankle. He uses up a mile of strapping each season

He's Soccer's Twelfth Man

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

He teaches the team how to play, tends its injuries, keeps it fit and happy. He's the all-important trainer

JUST ABOUT TWENTY YEARS ago, Sheffield Wednesday had two forwards answering to the name of Jimmie.

One day the inside forward said to the centre-forward: "If there's one thing I'm going to do, it's get a job as a manager."

The centre-forward nodded his head and replied: "And I'd like to be a trainer."

Today that inside forward, Jimmie Seed, is manager of Charlton Athletic Football Club and Jimmie Trotter, his old centre-forward, is Charlton's and England's trainer—the man with the magic sponge.

There actually is a sponge in the brown leather case which accompanies Jimmie Trotter to every football match played by Charlton or England, but this square-jawed Newcastle man puts more faith in the magic of sulpha drugs and the £1,000 worth of electrical apparatus he uses to repair his wounded players.

Stood Under The Tap

"When I started," Jimmie recalls, "it was still a matter of looking after yourself. There was hot and cold water and the usual remedy for a sprain was to stand under the tap."

Today, a player with a sprained ankle finds himself connected up to one of Jimmie's electrical contraptions and the pain disappears under galvanism or through a diathermic treatment which sends "deep heat" penetrating to the source of the trouble.

With a dozen or more casualties reported on the football fronts each weekend, machines like a £150 short-wave diathermy outfit are replacing the sponge as emblem of the trainer's trade. At the same time, the old-style trainer, with his rough-and-ready methods, is being replaced by men like Jimmie Trotter, whom Charlton fans describe as "almost a doctor."

If there is no doctor available, Jimmie can do a creditable job of hemstitching a deep cut—he carries his own surgical clamps and stitches—as well as taping up a sprained ankle. To hold his men together, he uses up each season more than one mile of strapping.

Dons Surgeon's Gown

Whenever one of Charlton's players has the misfortune to tear a cartilage, Jimmie not only gives the first aid, he also follows the case right into the operating theatre.

There, dressed in surgeon's gown and mask, he watches the surgeon operate so that he knows the exact nature of the injury and can administer the correct treatment while the player is recuperating.

Of the fifteen such operations Jimmie has watched, the most successful was that on Albert Brown, former Charlton and Aston Villa inside forward. While playing for Charlton, Brown tore a cartilage during a Saturday match.

Jimmie packed him off to a doctor for diagnosis and an operation was performed the following week. Brown was back in the Charlton team within a month.

In the old days, a torn cartilage usually spelled the end of a player's career. Today even a man with a broken leg knows that he has a good chance of playing again within a year.

"There was Harold Hobbis," Jimmie says. "He broke both bones in one leg during a cup-tie. He was playing again in less than twelve months and now he's a player-manager at Tonbridge."

Patching up injured players is only one side of the trainer's job, and down at "The Valley," Jimmie Trotter combines repair work with acting as chiropodist, masseur, dietitian, P.T. instructor and psychologist.

At fifty—he looks ten years younger—Jimmie can look back on more than thirty years of football, and his recollections of his own training have influenced his methods today.

"We used to go down at ten in the morning, strip off and start running around the grounds," Jimmie says. "It was nothing but stamina training and it soon got monotonous. Now we have much more variety so as to keep the players happy while they work."

This explains why, if you want to see baseball played in Britain, the most likely spot, of all places, is a football pitch during a training session. The game was introduced at Football Association courses before the war, and trainers like Jimmie Trotter seized on it as another way of making exercise more palatable.

Playing baseball on a football pitch, perhaps, comes naturally to Charlton and Jimmie Trotter. They've played football on baseball's holy of holies, the Yankee Stadium in New York.

"Quite tricky it was," Jimmie declares. "We found out that the part of the pitch where the bases are had been raised up about four inches above the rest of the field. You should try football on a pitch like that."

Tennis, which also has found its way into football, might easily pass unrecognized by Wimbledon followers. The football version, called head tennis, is played without racquets; the ball is a regulation football and the net is the only sign that the game was borrowed from tennis.

"If they enjoy their training," Jimmie declares, "then the players do a lot more work. There's not half as much staleness or lack of condition today as there used to be."

Needed A Change

When the season starts, the psychologist comes out in Jimmie and he keeps a wary eye open for signs of nervousness or staleness. In one case where a player went off form, the remedy turned out to be changing him from outside-right to inside forward.

"You have to watch your players to see they don't overdo things," Jimmie says. "Such things as going out at nights or playing too much tennis on top of training can be bad for a man."

Dancing, for example, is forbidden for three nights before any game.

"Not that I am against dancing," Jimmie maintains. "But there's too much smoke and dust in most dance halls."

Jimmie expects his players to get nine or ten hours' sleep each night and finds that most players agree. "They don't go out and drink their pints as in the old days," he says.

Leading Scorer

The old days for Jimmie go back to Bury, where he played for two and a half seasons after serving with the R.G.A. in the first World War. He then served nine seasons with Sheffield Wednesday and was leading scorer in Division II for 1925-26, when the team won promotion to the First Division. To celebrate, Jimmie banged in another thirty-seven goals that season to become Division I's leading scorer.

It was at Sheffield that he began to study anatomy and physiology with a mind to becoming a trainer and there he and Jimmie Seed first met each other. They met again at Charlton in 1934, when the Robins were languishing in Division III (South).

The Seed-Trotter combination saw their team win promotion to Division II and then on to Division I in two seasons—a record which has never been equalled. It won the Cup in 1947 and now it is after the First Division championship.

When and if it gains this honour, not the least contribution will have been made by Jimmie Trotter and his magic sponge.

flight without stars

by WINSTON GRAHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Deffand, the plain-clothes man, was on to something, but it was no affair of mine. Right now, my mind was on Alix. Murder and the black market could wait

A BLIND MAN GROPING round a room; furniture overturned, glass smashed; his hands feeling through the debris, trying to understand why he's been called here, why no one is here to meet him. And then, on the sofa, feeling a hand; following it up the arm to the face, the bloodstained face of an enemy. . . .

The mental picture of that night came back to me so vividly as Bénat told me his story that I shuddered. The blind man had been me.

That was a year ago. I'd taken a holiday in Nice on the Riviera. I'd met Alix Delaisse, a young widow (her husband, a resistance leader, had been killed by the Germans).

At first, I think, she took pity on me; but in the weeks that followed, pity changed to something else. I wasn't alone in loving her. Pierre Grognard, a wealthy restaurateur, was her fiancé.

Alix had taken me to a café I knew as the Café Gambetta in Villefranche, kept by her mother-in-law, Mère Roget. I felt I really *knew* the girl—which makes the rest of the story so fantastic.

With Pierre pressing her to marriage, Alix had to decide not to see me again. But a few days later, I had a mysterious phone call from her asking me, in effect, to come for her at Pierre's flat. I went, but found no one there—except Pierre, murdered.

And Alix had vanished. At the café I had known as the "Gambetta," they pretended not to know me. And I learned that there was no Café Gambetta, and never had been.

That wasn't all. Telling the story to Charles Bénat, a rich, cynical young lawyer, I learned that Grognard wasn't dead; he'd seen him since, he said.

I went back to London and underwent the operation on my eyes I had been scared to think of before. It was a success. I could see.

Back to Nice; to the "Café Gambetta." It didn't take me long to discover why I wasn't welcome there. A black market business was conducted from the premises. And Grognard? "Killed in a motoring accident," the papers said. I knew better.

In some way, I knew now, Bénat was involved. I went to see him, feigning blindness—and found Alix there, too.

They were brother and sister! In an effort to shake me off, he told me the truth. Grognard had "squealed" to the Germans during the war. His death had been an act of justice. Alix had played up to Grognard to get a confession. Suddenly frightened, she had phoned me that day, but Bénat had got there first and killed Grognard.

Now, jealous of anyone who wanted her, Bénat wished me to leave Alix alone. I preferred to leave that to Alix herself. The arrangement was that she would come out with me for a week. If at the end of that time she didn't want to see me again, I would go. But, at least, I'd have a week with her.

PART VIII

Call from the Sûreté

JOHN CHAPEL, THE CONSUL, said: "So I'll not need my black tie this week. Here's the letter. I suppose you wouldn't like me to read it before you destroy it?"

"I'm not destroying it. It's going in the bank, together with certain additions."

I'd given him the letter the night before: it had seemed a common precaution before going to see Bénat.

"And where did you go last night that you needed to do all that cloak and dagger stuff?"

"Only out to dinner with a friend."

"Lady?"

I made a noncommittal noise.

John took out his pipe and began to fill it. "And Pierre Grognard?"

"That's satisfactorily cleared up. More so than I'd reason to hope. He brought the accident on himself."

"Um? Sworn to secrecy or something?"

"Yes. My feelings—in this—are with the person who told me."

John lit his pipe. In between gasps he said: "I'd like to know some time. Remember and tell me when we meet in England."

"I'm not likely to forget."

"By the way, d'you recollect mentioning a man called Deffand? Met him yesterday."

"Yes?"

"Yes. He is the man from the Sûreté."

"Ah."

"Rather a new type. Somebody means business sending him down. If he gets proper support he may do a lot. You should meet him."

"I have. At the Wintertons."

"Don't know how the devil those people get to know everybody. Look, I'm going to lunch in half an hour. Join me if you like."

"Thanks very much," I said. "But I have a date."

He looked slowly up, appraisingly. "With the girl you were with last night? Or is it rude to ask?"

"Yes to both questions," I said. "With Alix."

SHE was waiting as arranged at the corner of the Place Masséna. It was very hot, and she was hatless and bare legged, in white sandals and a white, full-skirted silk frock. I came up beside her and stood looking at her for a minute, taking in the shape of her nostrils and the fine, fair down in front of her ears and the single, faint line along her forehead made when she raised her eyebrows; the dark, level, pencilled but not distorted line of her eyebrows and a small mole at the nape of her neck and the thickness of her hair at the parting.

Then she turned and saw me.

"Have you been there long?"

"Not long," I said. "It was pleasant while it lasted."

As if to divert attention she said: "I really don't know what good this is going to do. After you left I was sorry about this arrangement."

"Let's have an apéritif."

I led her up the Avenue de la Victoire and we walked in silence for a few minutes. The street looked different for having her beside me.

I said: "D'you mind if we try this shabby little place? Sentimental associations."

We went into the café opposite her shoe shop, where we had first met. The table we'd had was empty and I went across to it. The same waiter came over and I ordered the same drinks. Her face was polite but expressionless.

She said: "What are you going to do when you go back to England?"

"Try to become a lawyer again. Like Charles."

"Charles is——everything," she said.

I SAID: "So I've noticed. Naturally, I won't attempt everything. In England it doesn't always pay."

"Lucky England," she said coolly.

"Have you ever been there?"

"No."

"It would have its drawbacks to a Niçois. But the sun is seen from time to time."

"I'm not a Niçois."

There was a brief silence while we sipped our drinks. I said politely: "Do you like your new life?"

She looked up. "My new life?"

"Well, there must be a difference. Did you bring your car down today?"

"Yes. I parked it."

She stared out at the passing people. "When I came over that morning I didn't think it would amount to all this."

"No. . . . One suffers the penalty of being kind. You interfered that day and saved me from suicide. Now I'd like to repay the debt by saving you from yourself——as Charles would say."

"I don't want saving from myself, thank you very much."

"Nor, at the time," I said, "did I especially want saving from suicide."

"I'm sorry. I'll know better next time."

It was queer, all the noises were the same; the thin rattle of the trams, a woman arguing about lottery tickets at the next table, a man selling newspapers. Today it was hotter; that was almost the only difference.

I said: "What made you change?"

"What do you mean?"

"After Pierre was killed what made you go in with your brother?"

"Wasn't it the natural thing to do? Besides——"

"Besides what?"

"Oh, nothing."

She made a little gesture. "Who wouldn't? Why be a shop assistant at a few thousand francs a week when everything's there for the taking?"

"No conditions attached?"

"What do they matter? That's part of the fun. I help sometimes; the risks are small but there's excitement. Life's too short to sit in a corner all day learnings the rules."

"Don't be sure the risks are so small," I said. "You remember Deffand at the Wintertons?"

"Oh, the Sûreté man. He's clever, they say; but you can't swim in a bog. In a few weeks he'll be recalled and someone else sent down. It does not worry us."

"So you like your new life?"

"Of course."

"Why did you jib at it at first, then? Why did I find you in the shoe shop to begin with?"

"I don't think it was part of our agreement that I should sit and be cross-examined."

I smiled. "All right. Let's go and lunch at Biffi's. You don't mind, do you?"

We lunched at Biffi's, at the same table, and the same waiters served us.

She said: "It's so strange you can see. I keep feeling I must help, tell you things. . . . It's uncanny."

"Be careful of that. Mother instinct. It can lead to all sorts of disturbing complications."

She glanced at me. "I don't think there's any danger now."

I helped her to wine. "I wonder, has Charles *any* illusions?"

"Why should he have? It's safer to be clear-sighted."

"I don't know. . . . Personally, I like my illusions. Why shouldn't one keep a few to cling to? The universe is pretty terrifying; and so's the world—getting more so every year. People talk about the law of the jungle, but the jungle is a haven of peace and mercy compared with Europe this last fifteen years."

FOR a moment, I thought about it. "It seems to me that the only things that now make life and one's common humanity bearable are just those little graces, the spiritual adventures—call 'em what you like—which altogether weigh practically nothing in any material scale. Why shouldn't one believe in God and Santa Claus and the Moonlight Sonata if one chooses to? Perhaps it's sad to be the victim of sentimentality, but is it sadder than to be the victim of one's own disillusion?"

She said: "We in Europe are victims of the time. Isn't that it? Everyone learns from experience, and we have learned that the only way to survive is to see clearly, to believe in nothing but what we personally know, to accept nobody on trust, to work for ourselves alone and to take pleasure where we find it."

"Conviction's grown on you in the last year."

"Perhaps."

"When I met you we'd a lot in common. We'd both got a grudge against life—resented our hurts—wanted to kick. Since then, thank God, I've lost my grudge; but yours has completely changed. Resentment's one thing; rebellion shows spirit, don't you think? But disillusion isn't spirit. It's death."

"As I said," she answered coolly, "we've nothing whatever in common now. That's why there is no point in these meetings."

"Alix, I could shake you."

"That was not in the agreement either."

"Well, be sure you don't goad me too far."

The waiter brought the fruit. I

She had wriggled free. I caught her again. "Leave me alone," she spluttered, "let me go!" I said: "Say please." This time she was rather white

watched her peeling a peach with her quick, cool fingers.

She said suddenly: "I don't think you can say Charles trusts no one. Last night he told you the whole story of Pierre Grognard. What greater trust could anyone put in your honour?"

"I thought it a generous gesture. But—is it trust if you add a threat? And I wonder sometimes whether there isn't a certain relief, even a certain satisfaction, to one's vanity in—in——"

"You're most unfair to him," she said. "He's been generous to you all along. D'you think it would have been difficult for him to have had you put away? Instead, he's treated you with every courtesy, entertained you, explained everything as it happened——"

I said: "I'm glad loyalty isn't one of the virtues you've entirely dropped."

"You don't like Charles, do you?"

"I like him. But I'm sorry for him."

"Sorry!"

I met her indignant look. "Yes. I think he's a man with a brilliant past and no future."

"What do you know about it?"

"Absolutely nothing at all. It's only one of these feelings one gets."

She didn't speak.

I said: "In a way he's symptomatic. You remember at the Wintertons he talked about Europe being sick. Well, he's right. And he's one of the signs of the sickness. If the symptoms multiply the patient will die. If the patient recovers, the symptoms will disappear. What shall we do this afternoon?"

"What you please."

"We didn't meet that first afternoon, so the field is open. It's hot; shall we bathe?"

"As you please."

"Have you a costume?"

"In the car."

"Can I get it?"

"No. I'll walk down with you."

We sat on the beach under a large, blue-fringed umbrella, and the heat shimmered all round us on the stones. For a time we talked hardly at all. She wore a two-piece white bathing costume.

She was sitting with her hands about her knees; and after a bit she glanced at me and saw me looking at her.

I said: "Do you mind?"

"What?"

"Admiration. Or does it offend the new rules?"

She said:

"I should hardly have thought you wanted to admire a running sore on the face of Europe."

"Oh, I didn't specify the disease."

"Well, most symptoms are disagreeable."

"No, seriously. Before I lost my sight I took it for granted, like breathing, hearing, taste. I don't suppose I shall ever do quite that again. And I suppose it's natural to be more susceptible now to shape and colour—quicker to see beauty in any form—aesthetically appreciative, if that word's allowed. For instance, the glitter of light on a fish's scales—or the different shades of blue in the sea at this moment—or the silky sheen on a woman's back—or the way——"

She said: "I think you're making it up. You were always interested in those things."

"Interested, but not so conscious of them. Anyway, what would you rather I took note of: the khaki shadings on a black market sock?"

She turned her face away. "I wish you were not so silly."

"It might be a saving grace. At least you'd never need to extend your hero worship to me."

She looked at me quickly, the laughter dying from her eyes. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know. . . . But I'm used to groping in the dark." (And sometimes by chance the gropings found an unexpected mark.) "Do you swim?" I asked, anxious now to change the subject.

"Of course."

"Let's go out to the raft, shall we?"

"All right."

When we got in the water I said: "I'll race you."

"All right."

She swam like an eel, with hardly any splash, and was at the raft yards ahead of me.

"You see," she said breathlessly, her eyes glinting.

"I see."

It's difficult to be unfriendly on a raft with the sea water drying quickly on you under a blazing sun. I felt I was making good progress, though it wasn't fundamental progress. It all might slip away again in a second.

When we got back to the shore I suggested we should take a padelo. This curious Mediterranean invention, in which two people lie back on a double-sized deckchair fixed on buoyant metal floats and propel themselves precariously across the sea by means of pedals fixed to tiny paddle wheels, is a profoundly silly-looking but very pleasant way of spending an hour. I expected her to refuse, but she agreed after a short hesitation, and we climbed in and were pushed off by the man in charge.

We went round for about ten minutes almost without speaking, but somehow I could tell that some of her defences were lowered. That was why I kept quiet. I steered well out to sea, and after a bit we both stopped paddling, and the craft rocked gently up and down.

It was terrifically hot, but invigorating because of being so close to the sea.

She said after a long time: "Why are you so hard on us, Giles?"

"*Hard?*. I don't know what you mean."

"Why d'you despise our way of life? We can't help what we are. Circumstances made us. Perhaps it's good to have illusions if you can cling to them; we've had them torn away."

"What Charles is hardly concerns me. What you are concerns me enormously."

"I've not had a very happy life."

"You've lost the one person who could have made all the difference. I know. . . . And there's no way back for you the way there has been for me. . . . Don't think I'm questioning that. But what puzzles me is that all that had happened when we met *before*."

She said after a minute: "Last year

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you thought I was loving; this year I'm not. Isn't that all?"

"No . . . I don't think it is quite."

"So all our explanations to you last night were so much wasted breath? You're still completely unsatisfied?"

"I'm grateful for your confidences—I said so. You cleared up last year's mystery. This year's mystery remains."

"Oh, nonsense! There is no other mystery at all. You imagine it!"

"We're going round in circles," I said.

She raised her head. "Are we? Oh . . . you mean in argument."

"I do indeed. If you can call this argument."

There was a fairly long silence, but it wasn't quite such a peaceful one.

I said: "You complain that I'm hard in my judgments and despise your way of life, when all the time you've given me the impression that you despise mine."

"So I do," she said sharply, as if reminded of it. "So I do."

For the life of me I couldn't hold my tongue.

"That sounds like the Gospel according to Charles. Book Three, Chapter One."

"You hate Charles," she said. "You believe I can't think for myself. That's utterly wrong. He never pressed me in the least to go back to live with him. If I wanted to I should leave him today. But I don't want to. I love and admire him——"

"I can see that."

"We reason alike, we feel alike. We've the same *sort* of brains. I can be a great help to him. I'm proud to help him."

"Isn't pride one of the weaknesses of the new philosophy?"

SHE sat up, and rocked the padelo. "Oh, you're so smug! I hate you—with your self-satisfied judgments, your — your so careful sanity, your middle-of-the-road righteousness. I don't think I can stand any more of it!"

"Are you sure I'm the smug one? Or is it you and Charles? I don't know. But look at it this way. Two men belong to more or less the same generation. When one of them grows up he thinks: A lot of people have lived before me; what have *they* thought? And he sees a statement which says — which says, well, for instance, 'Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.' It sounds nonsense to him, but he thinks the man who said it may just possibly have been wiser than he is. The other fellow reads the same sort of thing. Because it sounds nonsense he's convinced it is nonsense, because he believes that no one wiser than himself has ever lived. Which of those two would you say was self-satisfied?"

She said: "I can't answer all your arguments. Why don't you go and say them to Charles? He will soon be able to answer them—and destroy them!"

"Sheltering behind the big guns . . ."

"I *cannot* endure your insults!" she said angrily. "You're unbearable!"

She got up and the floating deck chair dipped violently.

"Sit down!" I said. "You'll have us out!"

Instead, she balanced for a moment and then dived into the sea. The contraption, released of her weight, leaped up into the air at the front and I toppled over into the sea the other way.

I came up gasping, having swallowed about a quart of water. The padelo, of course, had righted itself. I still had a horror of getting my face under water, and this made me so furious that I left the padelo there and struck out after her.

We were a good way from shore, and by the time we were half-way there she had drawn well ahead. But then I began to overhaul her. About twenty yards from the beach I drew level.

I swam alongside for a minute. "Disagreeable temper."

She looked at me as if I was a complete stranger and changed her course to make for the beach at a tangent.

She had spurted again, but again I caught up. This time I grabbed her ankle and pulled her down. She came up spluttering and hit me in the mouth.

I ducked her again. She tried to bite me.

This time she was rather white when she came up. "Don't, Giles . . . I'm . . . nearly done."

"Say please."

"Leave me alone. . . . Let me go."

She wriggled free. I caught her again.

"Say please."

She looked at me as if to say, "I'll drown first."

We were nearly home. I caught her shoulders.

"Please. . . ." she said.

When our feet touched the stones she stumbled and nearly fell, but I caught her elbow and we got out of the water together. I was dreadfully out of condition for this sort of thing. The young Italianate beach attendant burst upon us.

"My God, m'sieu, this will cost you a pretty penny if the padelo is lost! They are not to be used as diving buoys. I will have your name and address! My God, this is a formidable liberty. It will cost you——"

When I got my breath I said: "I'll come out with you in a canoe and get it in a moment."

I saw Alix back to her umbrella, and then we went out and got the padelo. It took a time because the thing had drifted westwards, and then, of course, I had to chug back alone.

When I arrived back at the umbrella she had gone.

I didn't see her again that day. When I thought it over it didn't seem to me that I had come out of the first meeting very well. It was a bit silly to squander one's opportunities on argument and then get into a temper because one got one's eye wet.

Next morning she rang me up. I'd been half expecting it.

"Giles? Oh . . . this is Alix. . . . I've

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A FATHER IS OFTEN quite a problem to himself and others just before baby is born. He need *not* feel helpless. There's a lot he can do on baby's behalf.

Maternity benefit, for example. This should be claimed at the local National Insurance Office or maternity clinic eleven weeks before baby is due.

When baby arrives, father should go to the registrar's office to register the birth. This must be done within forty-two days—but the earlier the better, as the registrar provides the form for baby's ration book.

If the family has other children under school-leaving age, a call at the post office is necessary to claim the additional 5s. a week family allowance.

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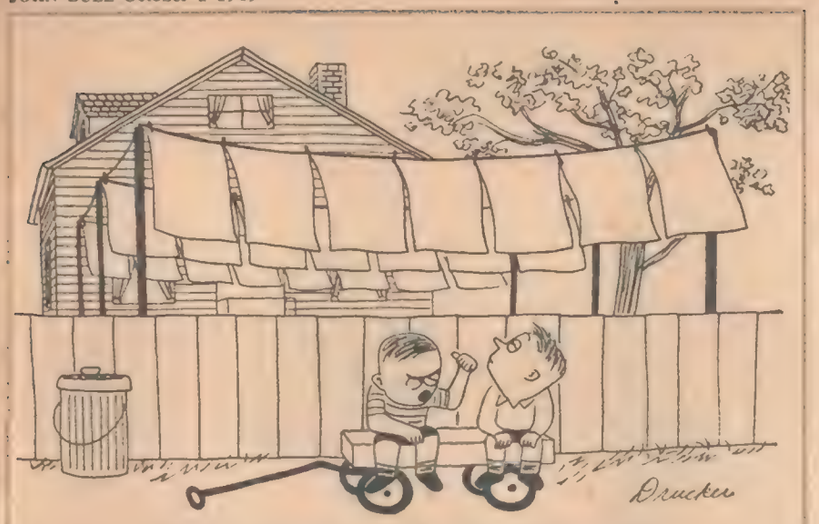

"Not only does he get all their attention, but just look at the size of that wardrobe"

decided that I will not see you again."

"Oh? Why?"

"I thought yesterday would have made it clear."

". . . I understood you'd promised to meet me for a week."

"I promised to try. Obviously no good will come of it."

"Good for whom?"

"For either of us."

"I don't think you can judge for me."

"Well, I'm not willing to risk being drowned."

"I was under the impression you began the drowning episode."

"You see, it's useless. We should begin to quarrel again as soon as we met. Besides, I'm not willing to go on. I'm tired of being insulted, thank you."

I said: "Quite frankly, I'm rather ashamed about yesterday. Whoever started it, it was unpardonable of me to take the liberties I did. I'm extremely sorry if I upset you. Will you please forgive me?"

"Oh," she said, and sounded a bit nonplussed. "Well, it . . ." and stopped.

There was a long pause. I thought she'd rung off.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo," she said.

"I'd like to put a proposition to you—that we go out today and that you should call the tune—decide where we go, what we shall talk of. On my side I promise to change the subject when anything displeases you. Does that seem fair? And if we quarrel today that ends it."

There was another pause.

"Why not let it end here?" she said.

"I should like to try once more."

There was another pause. I could hear Grutli barking.

She said: "Today is Sunday. I didn't promise to meet you every day. . . . I'll meet you tomorrow—on those terms."

I thought swiftly. "All right. And thank you for your forbearance."

She said something, but I couldn't tell what it was, and rang off.

In spite of what I'd said to Alix I was getting used to sight again. If the body is adaptable in disablement, so it is in taking recovery for granted. Already there were hours, almost half days, when I forgot having been that way: the present preoccupation, of course, helped. It seemed monstrously ungrateful to let the smaller things become important again.

I spent Sunday alone and didn't go far. The next day I met Alix as arranged and kept scrupulously to the bargain. I had to. These were high stakes. We drove to Cannes for lunch and had dinner at St. Raphael, played baccarat at the Casino there and got back to Nice about twelve. I wanted to go with her to the Villa Lavandou, but she said she was safe on her own. We made arrangements to meet on the Wednesday.

This second day together went fairly well. She had evidently decided to ignore the enormities of Saturday. We talked quite a bit in something of the old, friendly strain of last year. Sometimes we laughed and joked in the old way, and we kept away from controversy most of the time. Yet the whole impression of this day was that I'd not made as much progress as on the first. She was keeping me quietly at a distance.

A cleft stick. These were the only terms on which she would see me. And time was getting short. A meeting on the Wednesday, then perhaps another on Friday, and she would consider her promise discharged. No condition had been attached to the promise that we should spend the time arguing first principles. She was giving me her company.

And all the time I was getting in deeper water. There was no question about that.

On the Tuesday morning someone called to see me at the hotel. I was in the lounge at the time writing a letter desultorily on my knee, and I didn't quite get what the concierge said. I saw Deffand's tall figure in the doorway, and rose to meet him.

By himself, away from the glitter of the Winterton's candle-lit dining-room, he was more impressive. He looked a bit like a schoolmaster, with his narrow, scholarly nose, but he wasn't the sort of schoolmaster one would have wanted for tender children. His close-set eyes acknowledged me with a gleam of politeness and then went quickly round the room, summing up, perhaps, the furniture, the three elderly French women chattering together on the veranda.

"M. Gordon? We met at the Wintertons', you'll remember. I hope you'll excuse the informality of the call."

I asked him to sit down.

He said: "We're quite private here? I'm not keeping you from any appointment? Good. It's a small matter I came to see you about. Would you care to see my credentials?"

I looked over the leather-bound *carte d'identité* with the photograph, the police embossment, the grease marks.

"Really," I said. "I'd no idea."

He breathed down his nose. "You

Continued on page 27

Take a look at the new BIRO

Doesn't it look grand, this new Biro with the streamlined case and graceful styling. The new Biro is sold in these attractive colours, black, dove grey and maroon, with decorative metal bands. A special type of "non-slip" clip holds the pen securely in the pocket without hampering easy withdrawal. Of course, the new Biro carries the famous "Magnum" refill—the refill that gives you an easy visual check on ink consumption, and which can be replaced in a matter of seconds. Magnum refills are available with blue, red or 31 B Record ink, as desired. Ask any Biro dealer to demonstrate this very attractive and efficient new Biro.

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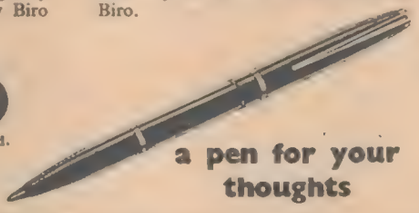

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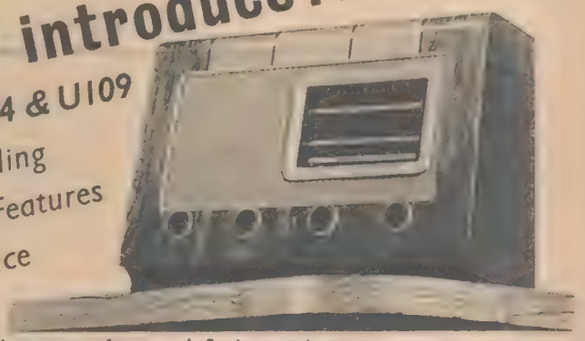

Ekco proudly introduce a new face in radio — table models of the utmost distinction, quality-engineered throughout and in the Ekco tradition for reliability and value. Keep in touch with your Ekco dealer and arrange for a demonstration of these new models A104 (A.C.) and U109 (Universal) as soon as they arrive.

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C.R.C. 11.H

NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

Continued from page 25

must be one of the few people in Nice, then. It's hard to keep a secret in a small community, M'sieu; and although Nice is the third city of France, it has the elementary make-up of a country town. It was the same when your Scotland Yard inspector came to inquire about the illegal currency transactions. At least I have kept my name out of the papers."

I said: "Can I help you in some way?"

"That's what I hope."

I offered him a cigarette, and he took it with yellow stained fingers, put it between his lips, rolled it across slowly to one corner of his mouth.

"I understand, M. Gordon, that you've had some interesting experiences in Villefranche."

This was rather a shock. I cursed John. It seemed impossible that anyone else . . . "Oh, last year. I was very short-sighted at the time. There was some confusion over the name of the streets. But it was all cleared up eventually."

"Was it cleared up this year?"

"Yes. Naturally, when one can see properly. . . ."

"Naturally. You found the street you were looking for and the café?"

"Yes."

"What was its name?"

I hesitated. "Would that be of interest?"

"It could be."

"The Café Gambetta."

"I don't know the name. Where is it?"

"In the rue St. Agel."

"Where does that lie?"

"Not far up from the quay. You go up from the Pavilion and turn right."

DEFFAND breathed thin spirals of smoke from his nose. "I see. Villefranche has recently been the centre of certain black market activities—unfortunately. Also there have been shipments of gold over the Italian frontier. We suspect that the consignments start from there. I wonder if, in your movements about Villefranche, you have seen anything to rouse your suspicions?"

I lit my cigarette. The old ladies were chattering away.

"I'm afraid I can't help you."

"Nothing at all?"

"I only wish I could."

Deffand leaned back. He had the air of a man who has met with and quietly overcome a million setbacks.

"An interesting discussion we had the other night at the Wintertons. You know them well?"

"They're old friends."

"It was the first time I'd met them. I was invited through the courtesy of M. Lemaitre."

"Oh, yes," I said politely.

"Do you know the Bénats well?"

"I've met him half a dozen times."

"Wasn't it you I saw in Cannes yesterday with Mme Delaisse?"

". . . It was."

He blew another couple of spirals. "I confess I thought their attitude a little unbecoming last Sunday."

"Surely they were only putting the other side of the picture."

"Surely. But I think M. Lemaitre had them well beaten."

"Of course."

There was silence for a bit.

"Unhappily, in law-breaking," he said, "there is no middle course."

"I'm inclined to agree."

"Who is not for the law is against the law. One cannot have the best of both worlds."

"It would be folly to expect it."

"Certainly. Did you know that some of Mme Delaisse's relatives live in Villefranche?"

"She told me so. Relatives by marriage, I think she said."

"Have you met any of them?"

". . . Yes. I believe I did, once. A brother-in-law—Armand, was it?—and an uncle. But, of course, I was blind at the time."

"Did you ever meet her mother-in-law, Jeanne-Marie Friedel?"

"No—o. I don't think so."

"Her second husband was an Austrian Jew who shot himself when France collapsed. It is said that she herself organized the escape of more than a hundred young Frenchmen to England during the war."

"Very good."

"Yes. As you say, very good. But one wonders what she is organizing now."

"Perhaps she has retired to pass her old age in peace."

His eyes met mine.

"Women like that never retire, M'sieu. They are born to active conspiracy. Tell me, are you likely to be seeing Mme. Delaisse again?"

"Yes. Tomorrow."

"I should like your undertaking that you will say nothing of this call."

"I give it you."

He got up.

"You're staying in France a few weeks more?" he asked.

"It's rather indefinite. Probably only a week or two."

"I'm sorry you don't feel willing to help me in my task."

"Not unwilling. Unable."

"Ah," he said. "Divided loyalties. Dangerous, as I've pointed out. British nationality, at times so valuable, is at others a snare. One feels a little withdrawn, aloof, and so becomes more deeply entangled than one realizes."

We walked to the door.

"If at any time you feel you want to talk things over, you will find me at M. Lemaitre's house, or care of any police station."

"Thank you," I said, and watched him go.

I HAD to force the pace on Wednesday. Either way I stood to lose, so it was better to go down making a fight of it.

It may be at that time that I gave the impression of being an obstinate and persistant man to more people than Charles Bénat. If so there was another cause beyond the obvious one. It was a confused conviction that because of getting my sight back I "owed" something to life. I'd never got properly straight with myself over it; and now this feeling had perversely associated itself with Alix. Of course, I wanted her for herself; but the moral issue had wormed its way in and wouldn't be got rid of. I felt I *had* to help her, somehow.

Possibly Charles's cynical comments weren't far off the mark: I don't know. I remember, when I saw her walking across the square to me on the Wednesday, all these things seemed to come up together.

She said: "Hallo. Am I late? I had to make a couple of calls for Charles on the way."

"No," I said with difficulty. "It's all right. I got the boat."

"Good. There's quite a breeze, though. Do you ever feel sea-sick?"

"Practically never."

We began to walk down to the old quay.

It had been agreed that we should spend part of the day sailing and fishing, and I'd hired a cutter, though this time with an outboard motor.

As we got in she said: "I hope it doesn't rain."

"I don't think there's much likelihood, is there?"

"Well, we can't put in to Villefranche this time."

"I'd not be popular?"

"They don't understand your lofty motives."

"I had no lofty motives," I said. "All I wanted to do was to find you."

"It would be difficult to explain that."

The sea was a bit choppy out of the harbour because a strongish south-easterly breeze was blowing. But it was hot.

"I liked most of them," I said. "It's a pity we had to quarrel."

". . . I think they liked you."

"Roquefort . . . and Scipion, and Uncle Henri, and Mère Roget—whatever their real names were."

She didn't speak.

I said: "Is Mère Roget's name Jeanne-Marie Friedel?"

That made her look up. "Why do you ask?"

"Idle curiosity."

"Who told you? You're not—going on . . ."

"No." I was tempted to warn her again about Deffand, but didn't like to break my undertaking. To some extent he'd been right: I was trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds. It didn't do.

While talking of Villefranche there had been something in her voice. "D'you go there often now?" I asked.

"I've not been near since last July."

"That's rather surprising."

"My life has changed since then."

"Anyway, I'm glad you don't go."

"Why?"

"Well, they run the risky end of these jobs you're doing. There'd be no fun in being there if the place were raided."

"Oh . . . there's not much risk of that."

Nevertheless, she was thoughtful for a minute or two and glanced at me.

I said: "Do they dislike your having gone to live with Charles?"

"I've never consulted them."

This seemed to lead to a blank wall, and I didn't want to start trouble so soon. We got well out into the bay and then put out lines to see if there were any fish about. The breeze was blowing her hair back from her face, making her look like a stranger. She'd got blue linen trousers and a blue jumper on. The trousers had a red stripe down the side, and she wore a red belt. We'd divided the fishing lines; two were to be mine and two hers, to see who caught the most. For a long time there wasn't a suggestion of a bite. Then I caught two tiny fish, so we tried another and westward tack.

She said: "I haven't been fishing since that day a year ago."

"I used to come out with my father when I was a kid. We had three or four holidays here."

ALIX said: "I've never had a holiday here—not that sort. When we lived in Dijon we used to go to an aunt who had a farm near Arles; that was our holiday every year. I hadn't really seen the sea until I was sixteen."

"I suppose you were in Charles's company a good bit in those days."

"I don't remember a lot before father died. That seems to belong to a life almost before I was born. I remember when it happened . . . Charles seemed to grow up overnight. He was only fourteen. After I went to the convent I used to see him every holiday. Then we were inseparable. It was strange for me, you know, to come from a convent, where everything was founded on discipline and devotion, into the company of Charles, who even then was all for indiscipline and irreverence."

I said: "I came back to this coast to try to recapture the old feelings; but it's a dead quest from the start. It's not the place that's changed, but oneself, in the years between. Didn't you feel that when you went home to Dijon?"

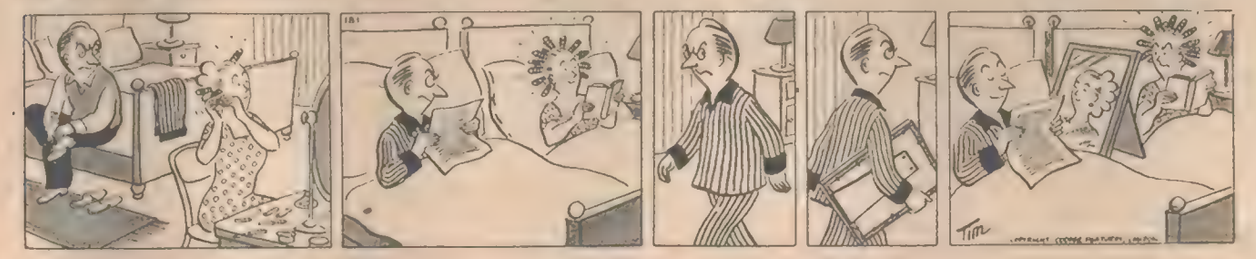
She rolled up her sleeve and dipped her fingers into the rippling green water; her arm over the side looked like marble

THIS WEEK'S COVER

"BRIGHTER than the aurora borealis, much rarer, and far more exclusive," is cover artist Harry Rutherford's comment on Blackpool's man-made northern lights, on again this year after a ten-year blackout. Rutherford, a Lancashire man, finds the best material for his jolly, bustling pictures in his home county. A Royal Academy exhibitor, he lists Sickert and Whistler as his greatest influences (he once managed a school for Sickert); but dislikes the "precious and aesthetic" in art. "My muse," he says, "is strictly of the domestic variety. I actually *like* people."

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



"What will they think of next!"

That was in 1909, when there were 86,419 motor vehicles on our roads (or one between every 500 people!). Immense developments were obviously needed to multiply that figure to today's total of nearly three million.

Have you ever thought of those developments in terms of our steel industry, with steel to make — apart from motor cars — for a thousand and one things large and small, from the bridge over Sydney Harbour to your own darning needles and safety pins?

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NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

Continued from previous page

reflected in the veined glimmer of the sea.

"I had plenty of other things to think about."

Did you stay long?"

"About four months."

"Four *months*?"

She withdrew her hand, let the water drip delicately from her fingers. "I was ill. I had a nervous breakdown."

"Oh? . . . I'd no idea. I'm sorry."

"I stayed with my aunt—father's sister. It took time."

". . . Did Pierre hurt you before Charles came?"

"Only my throat. It was all right in a week."

"I got the feeling that you didn't love Pierre, but I was a long way from guessing the reason. At least Jacques's death was avenged. . . ."

"What? Oh . . ." she half laughed. "Yes. . . ." It wasn't a nice one.

I said: "But perhaps you look on revenge the way Charlie does, as an act of justice. In this case I think I should myself."

"I don't look on it in any way any more."

It was not very promising to be choked off for the second time in half an hour. I had a feeling of having come towards the same forbidden ground from another angle.

"Sometimes, surely, you must think of that time still, your friendships, your life with Jacques, the kindly bits as well as the unhappy ones."

She said: "Will you change the subject, Giles, please? I don't want to talk about it."

"Right enough. You choose."

She said: "Tell me about your life. What your father and mother were like, about England and the things you have done and want to do."

I tried to fill the gap as she wanted it filling, but I wasn't thinking too hard about what I said. The things she'd spoken of or left unsaid went round and round. And to begin with, I think she was the same. My words had wakened something in her and it wasn't easy to lay it all to sleep again. Her face puckered into a frown once or twice and she seemed glad when I had another couple of bites and hauled in two modest mackerel.

Then there was another bigger one, and she said with a sudden change of mood: "You're having all the luck. The boat will be loaded down your side and I shall not have even a crab."

"You can have this baby sole to put the ballast right."

"No, thank you. I can buy much better than these when I get home. I shall buy twenty kilos and take them back as the fish I've caught."

"In the Studebaker?"

"No. You can drive me home tonight. Then your car will stink of fish and you'll not want me any more."

Ahead of us seagulls were fighting over something, and Alix moved to the bows of the cutter to see if she could see what it was. As soon as she turned her back I hauled in her nearest line and hooked one of my mackerel on to the end, then slid it back into the water.

"It's a piece of shark's fin or something," she said, bright-eyed. "Not an appetizing morsel. You see, there's no rationing in the seagull world. They leave it to common sense and then the strongest gets the biggest share."

"Stop moralizing and come and take your line. There's something on it at last."

She clambered back in haste and gleefully pulled the line in.

"A mackerel! My luck has turned. Not a very big fellow, but it's a start! You unhook him, will you, Giles. That's the nasty part of fishing."

I dutifully unhooked it and dropped it in her basket. She bent over, blinked as hair blew across her eyes.

"He doesn't seem very lively. Didn't all yours kick and wriggle? He's not really moving at all."

"Sometimes they swallow the hook differently."

"Do they?" She bent and touched the fish gingerly with one finger. "Why, he's nearly stiff!"

"What?" I leaned over from the tiller. "No, it's only the same as mine."

"Yes, but yours have been in the basket for five or ten minutes. . . ." She stopped and looked up at me accusingly. "It *is* one of yours!"

We passed close by the quarrelling seagulls, but she paid no attention to them. She crouched on her heels looking up at me with a slight frown.

"Did you do that to tease me or to please me?"

"The first if you found out, the second if you didn't."

There was a long silence.

She said: "I think perhaps I know now why I liked you last year. Because sometimes you are a little like a—a savant, and sometimes you are a little like a schoolboy, and sometimes you are just an ordinary man like other men; and I never know one minute from the next which I have to contend with."

"I don't know where you get the savant from, but if all that's meant to be kind, thank you."

"It's not meant to be kind. It is just —meant."

I laughed. "Well, let's get on with the fishing."

We got on with the fishing. We had run across the south-east wind towards Cannes, but we turned the cutter face on to the breeze and just kept enough way on to prevent drifting. We ate some sandwiches.

She said: "What sort of fish do you eat in England?"

"Never touch fish. Only roast beef and Yorkshire pudding."

She looked at me.

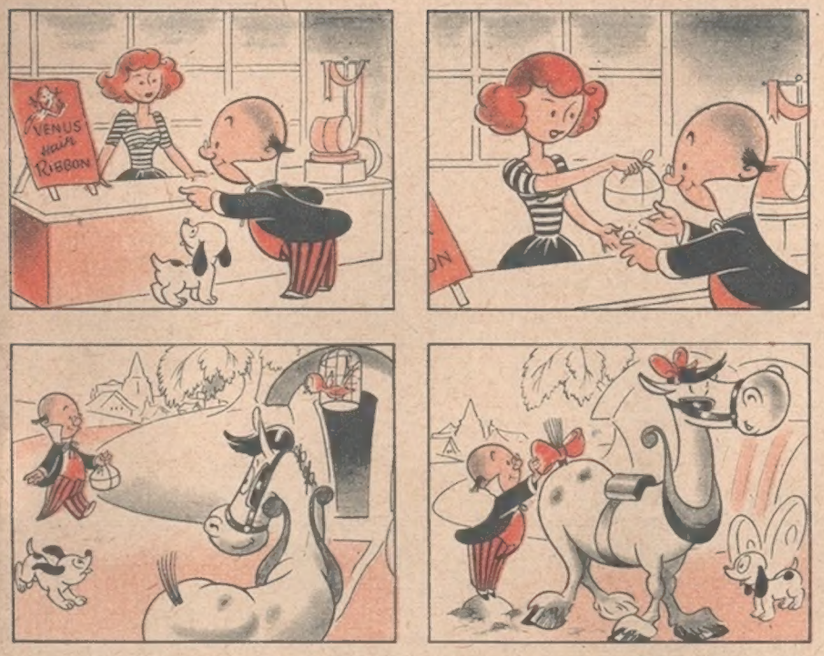
"And boiled cabbage," I said.

"That's interesting about boiled cabbage. I know it is a good joke, but also it's true because my father said when he visited England as a student he was given nothing else! Why is that?"

"It's puzzled the deepest thinkers. The English, of course, don't turn their whole imagination on food."

She said: "I used to think that all the

MR. DIMPLE *by David Hand*



English were lacking in imagination, but now I know that's not so."

"Another sandwich?"

"No, thank you."

"A pear?"

"No, thank you."

"Don't let me interrupt you," I said. "This is a most interesting conversation."

She smiled slightly. "Have I been paying you compliments?"

"That was my impression."

"Instead of heaping insults on you. Poor Giles."

"Lucky Giles!"

"Why lucky?"

"I can *see*. . . . And I'm out in a boat with you, and we've caught eight fish and the sun's shining, and there's still seven hours of daylight."

"And I," she said, "am now going to be sick."

"Lie down," I said, "put your head on this cushion. It may pass off."

"Go away," she said. "I don't want you to see me being sick."

"My dear Alix," I said. "I'm not a fair-weather friend. It isn't going——"

"I'm not your dear Alix."

"Oh yes you are, whether you like it or not. I'm seven years older than you, and at the moment I'm full of a deep paternal affection——"

"For God's sake go away!"

I went away. After five minutes she said: "Well, I haven't been sick, if that's any consolation."

"Better?"

"Not much. Are we going in?"

"As fast as our engine will take us."

After a few more minutes she sat up, with one hand to her head. "My God, what a horrible feeling."

"Don't move about. You're better down there."

She lay and watched me. I sat whistling faintly into the breeze and glanced at her now and then. Her colour was coming back.

She said: "What a fool!"

"Nonsense. Lots of people would have been prostrate hours ago."

She was quiet for a bit longer and then she said: "I think, Giles, the woman you will eventually marry—when you've got over me—will have a great sense of—of support, of balance, of security. Perhaps balance most of all."

"Very useful in a rough sea."

"No. I mean it. For the balance is in you. If she gets bumptuous, arrogant, cynical, you will—pull her down. But if she makes a fool of herself, feels silly and humiliated, you will—help to restore her self-esteem. You would be a steadying factor, a point of stability. . . ."

"You don't know how flattered I am. A pity the one woman who recognizes these virtues doesn't want to make use of them."

"Oh, I . . ." She shrugged. "I am no use to you."

"Wouldn't you let me judge?"

"I think we come of an alien race, a different time. It's nothing to do with the miles or the years. It is out of the question, of course, for other reasons, but even if it were not, we could never have made a success of it. Our outlook, our instincts are different; we have no common ground to build anything on at all. Are we nearer the shore?"

I said: "Yes, a good bit. I don't like your reasoning, but I'm grateful you're being reasonable. Is it the seasickness?"

"I don't know."

"D'you think if I kept you out here till dark you'd go on getting ever gentler and more self-critical?"

"I should scream at you like a fishmonger."

"Why," I said, "is our coming together quite out of the question? What are the other reasons?"

"One is—that I don't love you."

"Is there someone else?"

"There's no one else. Now you're the Giles I don't like, who asks tiresome questions that show he's no different from other men—with sex on the brain, eternally questing, never satisfied with any explanation that doesn't include it."

"I should have thought that more a characteristic of women."

"Not this woman."

"There's one last tiresome question I should like to ask; but I don't want it to split the Entente."

She made a grimace. "If it's the last question, ask it and then leave me in peace."

I said: "That last night with Pierre: what else happened between you and him—that you haven't told me—before Charles came?"

Her clear eyes for a second were startled out of their brooding.

"Why do you think something did?"

"It is just the way things look to me."

She said after a minute: "I'll tell you tonight."

To be continued next week

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UP soars the top prize for this week's *Bullets* birthday offer—in all there are 3,100 awards totalling over £1,500 in value. Enter the best *Bullet* and your cheque will be for as much as £800, plus a grand celebration weekend in London for two.

Make full use of your coupon below and you can win a £100 television installation to go with your £800 fortune!

"Bullets" Winners 1,696

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Flying Visit to Paris for Two: J. H. Davey, 52 Carr View Avenue, Balby, Doncaster:

INTELLIGENCE USED, EARNING—USE, SPENDING!

Snapped at *Bullets* merry birthday party last autumn, here are winners L. Savory (Dewsbury), W. J. Toms (Bletchley) and Mrs. A. C. Bagrie (Glasgow). Win one of this week's chief cheques and you'll be invited to bring a companion to this year's party

SECOND PRIZE, £50: J. Hankins, 2 Royds Avenue, Accrington: FOOTBALL'S MAGIC—TWENTY-TWO PLUS THREE—THOUSANDS!

THIRD PRIZE, £25: Mrs. J. Hardey, Trelavour Downs, St. Dennis, St. Austell: VOICE OF DEMOCRACY—HOLLOW? TO TOMORROW'S SORROW!

OTHER AWARDS: £20: R. Wood, 1 Thomson Street, Stockport: HUNGRY MAN—"WEED," WITH OVERGROWN "ALLOTMENT"! £10: H. Hughes, 72 New Street, Gloucester: VOICE OF DEMOCRACY—JOE JAMS—JIMJAMS? £5: D. M. Archibald, 11 Abbotsford Street, Falkirk: CHAINED TO THE BENCH—UNLOCKING BRITAIN'S "HANDCUFFS," SMITH. £5: Mrs. E. E. Channell, 131 Cliveden Road, Chester: PAYS DIVIDENDS — STUDYING *Teamwork's* PAST RECORD. £5: A. E. Emsley, 14 Priorsdean Avenue, Milton, Southsea: A BIT TOO HASTY — RECOGNIZING GERMANY — "CUTTING" MALTA. £5: Mrs. B. Frost, 38 Coniston Avenue, Headington, Oxford: CHAINED TO THE BEAR — THEN WORLD "IN PIT." £5: G. Wilkinson, 4 Hollyhock Terrace, Coxhoe, Co. Durham: HUNGRY MAN—PROBLEM, NOT SOLUTION, ECONOMIST!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*.

Fifty "Season Ticket" Awards and 3,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

XWORD 648 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 3. Bands. 5. Novel. 6. Care. 10. Bill. 14. Peep. 15. Fussy. DOWN: 1. Sound. 2. Deck. 4. Swings. 7. Luck. 8. Glue. 9. Die. 11. Gloss. 12. Male. 13. Pup.

TWO £100 SHARERS: Mrs. E. M. Barnes, 151 Lanark Road, London, W.9; F. S. Bell, 158 Duston Road, St. James, Northampton.

Awards value £25 for 1st Runners-up shared by 25 entrants. Useful "Signpost" Prizes awarded to 2nd Runners-up. In addition, Winners and 1st Runners-up receive 20-lb. Food Parcels.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Oct. 29 and in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 5, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams employees (and families) ineligible.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Examples	Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions
Europe's Road	Let Off
Thanks To The Bulldog	Soldier Sonny
Work And Work And	Bit Of A Devil
Proud Britannia	Our Milkman
Love's Riches	By The Look Of It
Suffering	
In Life's Autumn	
Too Easily	We Hate.....,But
A Fine Thing	In This Age Of.....
Came Home	Utterly.....
In Time	..... Everything
Domestic Fireworks	Shows Who's.....
A Trifle	One ..... Alone
He Knows His Stuff, So	
After The Wedding	

EVEN BIGGER OFFER NEXT WEEK

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POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,701 (or Xword 653) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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B. .....

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Closing Postmark, **1,701** MON., OCT. 10

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

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Signed .....

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THIS WAY TO WIN

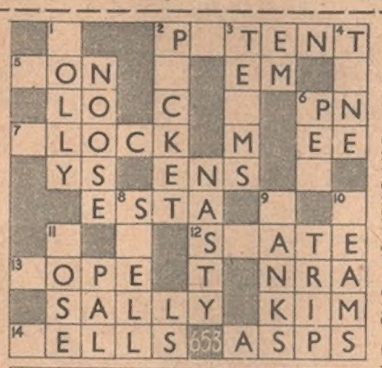
FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 653

2. To biologists the influence of heredity on animals and plants is more this
5. Is associated with learning
7. Preacher has to watch
12. If you do this, you may very well find yourself on thin ice at times
13. Scrupulous doctor must sometimes find it very difficult when a patient begs to be given
14. Underground movement may reveal them

Down Clues

1. May cost you dearly
2. There are not many people in this
3. The cause of much argument among footballers
4. Cheerful one helps to keep people going
6. Person in one may have to listen to very salutary sermon
8. One is usually dissipated
9. The advances they make are often spectacular
10. The bigger they are, the more support they need
11. Painter of still life won't have any trouble with



£100 XWORD

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps, covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated October 22.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

I enclose P.O. value.....

No. .....

653 Closing Postmark MON., OCT. 10

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

A NOSE IN A MILLION

Continued from page 20

Hazlerigg, "is that there were two quite separate jobs. While Max was working his false arrest scheme, some other performer, quite independently, was robbing Lorrequiers."

"And you think he rigged himself up like that to incriminate Max."

"Yes. Any competent theatrical costumier could have built up the nose and supplied a convincing looking mole—and of course Max is very well known in that line of business, so if they wished to suggest they were someone else, he would be an obvious person to pick on——"

"The idea doesn't convince you?"

"Well, sir, I don't jib at coincidences. But somehow this was too coincidental altogether, if you see what I mean. And another thing—I don't believe there are more than three men in England who *could* have switched that jewellery. One of them's over six foot tall, so he wouldn't do, the second one's in Dartmoor, and the third's Max."

"But dammit," said the Assistant Commissioner. "The chap can't have been in two places at once—or can he?"

THE second conversation took place in a Soho restaurant, where I had cornered Max.

"I take it you did do the jewel switch?" I said.

"Certainly," said Max.

"And that chap on the bus was your brother, dressed to match and with a false mole?"

"Of course."

"Then when did you change places with him?"

"After I had done the job I followed up the bus in my car. When the bus was standing empty, in Whitehall, I went up, and he came down. He drove my car away. I went to the police station."

"But you couldn't have known you were going to have a bit of luck like that."

"The real planner is the man who uses his luck when it comes," said Max sententiously. "But, of course, it did not really matter. If I could not have changed places then, I should have done so later. By the time it came to trial, I would have been me—you see?"

"More or less," I said. The little man looked so intolerably pleased with himself that I could not refrain from adding, "It cost you a hundred pounds, anyway."

"A hundred pounds," said Max in tones of deepest contempt. "For the jewels, I got six thousand.

"Suppose now they are traced back to me? Such things happen. Can the police charge me? No, no. They have fined me a hundred pounds already for being at one end of Regent Street. How can they now imprison me for being at the other end?"

I did not answer.

I was busy wondering what Hazlerigg would have said if he'd known the truth.

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